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The Outlook

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The American Legion in Paris

FOR being the battlefield in the World War France has some compensation. It was on her soil that the sacrifice offered by other nations was laid. And on her soil it was that a new patriotism was kindled that ties nations together. Of this the men of the American Expeditionary Force, now celebrating the tenth anniversary of the arrival of the first American troops in France, are more keenly aware than ever. On the eve of the Convention of the American Legion in Paris General Pershing gave voice to this feeling in a speech at a dinner given in his honor. In the course of that speech he said:

> Yes, the soul of the A. E. F. was born in France and ever since 1919 has been longing to get back home. The American Legion has made it possible for this dream to come true.
>
> Home again! Mr. President, we feel it in every breath. The green fields smiled and welcomed us all the way from Cherbourg. The churches, the children, and the gray old houses with soft red and mossy roofs, and the very rain that pattered familiarly from the sky, all told us that we were welcome. We did not need the eloquent words of ministers, of prefects, of generals, or of journalists—as deeply as we appreciated their kindness—to give us the greeting. The earth and sky were a song in our ears and told us more than any words could say. The old A. E. F. was back in France—back home.

Almost at the same time General Hindenburg in Germany, speaking before a gathering in which there was evident the atmosphere of the old régime, declared that Germany's participation in the war was purely defensive. The President of the German Republic in choosing such a time to say such a thing gave evidence again that there are representative Germans who do not understand the psychology of other peoples. The effect of President Hindenburg's speech on the gathering at Paris was simply to make clearer than ever how much the French and the Americans have in common.

France Honors a Gourmet

THE world-wide repute of French cooking must always be a far more impressive monument to Anthelme Brillat-Savarin, the philosophic gourmet who placed eating among the arts, than the statue which has been unveiled in his native village of Belley. Yet it is entirely fitting that the French should so honor him and that a member of the Cabinet should declare that he was "France's greatest contribution to the art of pleasant living." His influence is still far stronger than any modern proponent of calories and vitamines who would strip eating of its joys and make it subservient to such a thing as health.

In this country we have failed to learn the lesson of the epicure and eating has become largely a matter of daily necessity. Nor do we ever stop to pay tribute to those who have made it, even though we may regard it as a necessity, something of a pleasure. Our great restaurants pay their homage to French cooking, and it is only the humble cafeterias, lunch-rooms, and automats which recognize the greatness of American cooking. The delights of pie, waffles, and hash, for instance, are too often obscured by their uncongenial surroundings. Why should we not accept the French idea that eating has something to do with the art of pleasant living?

When shall we build a monument to those who have evolved American dishes?

France and America Deadlocked over Tariffs and Trade

FRANCE wants reciprocity from the United States if she is to agree to cut down the new high tariff rates that she has applied to American goods. While a new trade treaty embodying this principle in practical and specific terms is being arranged between the two countries, she is willing to grant American products her lowest rates. That is her reply to protests from Washington against the imposition of her new customs duties.

Official Washington replies that it is impossible to accord special treatment to France on a reciprocity basis. This would require authority from Congress, and Congress has shown little disposition to reduce tariff rates for any one. Particularly when this would throw open the way to similar requests from other countries, favorable action seems out of the question.

France, on her side, argues that she is unable to give the United States one-sided preferential treatment, in contrast to the other countries with whom she has mutual reciprocity agreements. And there the matter stands.

A readiness to be entirely reasonable is reflected in the French decision not to apply the new rates to shipments sent before September 6, when the change became effective. But the French Government can hardly be expected to give up its major position.

Reciprocity is a principle for which there are some well-known instances of Republican advocacy—with Canada, for instance. But it is less popular now. The result may be a tendency to unite Europe in tariff agreements against the United States. If that occurs, it may not be a bad thing. American trade may suffer temporarily. But the reduction of European tariff barriers would operate gradually to make Europe practically what the United States is—internally a free-trade continent. The economic revival that would follow would increase the buying power of Europe so much that American commerce would stand to gain more in the long run.

Canada in the League Council

FOR the first time the North American Continent is represented in the Council of the League of Nations. Canada has become a non-permanent member of that body—along with Cuba and Finland. Needless to say, the attention of the United States will follow with keen curiosity the policy of her neighbor in the "upper chamber" at Geneva.

The other members of the Council now are the Powers with permanent seats (Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, and Japan) and six nations with non-permanent seats not up for elections this fall (Chile, China, Colombia, the Netherlands, Poland, and Rumania.)

Belgium, a member of the Council since the war, failed in the contest for re-election this year. That fact is evidence, in the opinion of many observers, of a swing away from predominantly Allied direction of League affairs.

Canada showed her independence of British control in the first Council ses-

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sion she attended. Sir Austen Chamberlain, the British delegate, as Chairman, had suggested that Council members might wish to express opinions in a dispute between Hungary and Rumania before spokesmen for the two sides were heard. M. Dandourand, the Canadian delegate, interposed an argument in favor of hearing the cases for Hungary and Rumania first. The delegates of Cuba and Finland backed him up, and it was so decided. Count Apponyi, the venerable Hungarian statesman, rose to speak for his country—and so a victory was quietly recorded for the smaller nations.

With Canada in the Council, there will be a demonstration as to whether the mother country can control the votes of the Dominions, which will be of the greatest interest to the United States.

Typhoons and Tidal Waves

ALMOST invariably the accounts of the typhoon which visited Japan and the hurricane which visited the west coast of Mexico attribute the wrecking of coast towns to tidal waves or to typhoon and tidal wave together. Many readers must have been confused by the use of the term, since the destructive waves were produced not at all by tides but solely by wind. Yet the term has been in use from time immemorial and doubtless will be in use to a remote future. It is a misnomer—as much a misnomer as "sunrise," and came into being in the same way, before the nature of the earth's rotation and of the typhoon's vortex were understood. The apparent rather than the real gave, in each case, the name to the phenomenon.

A typhoon is a violent whirlwind, and the term is used specifically of whirlwinds in the China seas because of their terrible energy. One writer describes such a typhoon as "an air whirl like the little 'dust devils' that chase across hot fields on sultry days, but enormous, incomparably vast."

Such a vast whirlwind starts waves rolling toward the same point from various quadrants of its great circle. Finally, these numerous waves run together, pile upon one another, and come ashore as a wall of water with the force of the gale behind them. Resembling the pounding and the inundation that come where tides run exceptionally high, the phenomenon took the name of tidal wave, and continues to wear it despite our modern knowledge of the exact cause.

In Japan, on September 13, according to varying estimates, from four hundred to a thousand persons were killed. The destruction of houses, crops, and railways was enormous. The town and province of Kumamoto, on the island of Kiushiu, suffered most severely; but half a dozen other places were partly devastated.

In its recent losses and suffering from earthquake, flood, and famine Japan has the sympathy of the world. Its people and Government are strong and self-reliant, and now, as always, will quietly repair as best they can the damage inflicted and will carry on.

Smyrna Five Years After the Disaster

AT the end of September, 1922, the Smyrna disaster with its unspeakable subsequent horrors swept more than a million people out of Asia Minor. Most of them, a full million, found refuge in Greece, the only country whose immigration laws allowed their admittance.

Greece had been fighting one country or another for twelve years; its finances were in a bad state; its people were impoverished and discouraged. The advent of the refugees at once caused a housing problem, a food problem, and an unemployment problem. Visitors to Greece were shocked at the misery of the people. The newcomers were housed anywhere and everywhere in a most unwholesome state of congestion. They got their food from bread lines which, though eked out by governmental aid and private philanthropy from other lands, were inadequate. The few industries of the country had been smashed by the war, and there were few jobs for an endless army of job hunters.

Now, five years "after Smyrna," Greece has awakened to the fact that when she was generous she showed a wisdom unsuspected by herself. The new citizens sold the coats off their backs to establish themselves in trade. They set up shop with a few cakes or a dozen boxes of matches. When they had saved a trifle, they built shacks which served as dwellings and factories and shops. They learned trades in demand—the housing trades, for instance, since much building was needed in the emergency. They valued the kindness of the Greek shopkeepers who did not crush their competition and they tried to show their gratitude by being good citizens.

There were thousands of orphans in the care of Near East Relief—boys and girls who must be trained for self-support and sent out as fast as they grew old enough to take care of themselves.

The boys, trained in trades and crafts, added to the employment problem, but they were skilled, and therefore advantageous to the citizenry. Near East Relief, the Government co-operating, trained girls as nurses. The Americans also started an anti-malaria campaign at Corinth, which wiped out the disease there. Its methods have been copied all over Greece under Government orders. They have also taught boys and girls modern farming methods.

Refugee camps are still in existence, but their appearance and their spirit are not of the sort that spells distress. A letter written about the first of this year by a young Greek educated in America, and who returned after a two-year absence to see the state of his native land, declares: "I have been amazed at the virility of the refugees and their stubbornness in making a place for themselves. Housing conditions are far from ideal in the refugee camps, but . . . they gave proofs of a determination toward new life. The settlements are overflowing with life, with energy, with health. The little children, who were half starved two summers ago, are husky youngsters by this time. Everybody seems to be working. Factories have sprung up here and there and everywhere. . . . Out of ashes and nothingness these Asia Minor people have brought about as much life and business enterprise as one could dare dream. In a few years they will be ruling Greece in every line of activity."

A Statesman of the Quarterdeck in China

REAR-ADMIRAL MARK L. BRISTOL has taken charge of American interests in the Far East as Commander-in-Chief of the United States Asiatic Fleet. The move is a good omen for the future in China.

In the Near East, as American High Commissioner to Turkey, Admiral Bristol has made quietly a remarkable record as a diplomatist. Drafted from the Navy for a delicate task, he discharged it admirably. Through all the complicated period that has followed the Armistice, while the Allies and the United States were trying to come to a workable understanding with the new Nationalist Turkey, he has watched over American interests and American institutions in the Near East. During the months of the Greek war with the Turks in Asia Minor and of the peace negotiations at Lausanne he kept his responsibilities clearly in view and commanded the respect and co-operation of both the

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Cartoons of the Week

Kirby in the New York World

"Don't you dare touch my child!"

Pease in the Newark Evening News

Clip the wings and keep the bird

From Mrs. Henry A. Pearce, West Orange, N. J.

McCutcheon in the Philadelphia Public Ledger

When Dr. Coolidge returned from his vacation

From J. G. Silvester, Philadelphia, Pa.

Orr in the Chicago Tribune

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Scandalous actions for a man with a wife and nine children

From O. B. Nelson, Kendallville, Ind.

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Allies and the Turks. At the time of the Smyrna massacre, when the Turks pursued the fleeing Greeks into their port city and burned and sacked it, he was the inspiring and directing head of much of the relief work and made his ships and forces available for it. He aided the repatriation of the Greek refugees, which Americans have carried through under the auspices of the League of Nations. When the Senate rejected the separate American Lausanne Treaty with Turkey, it was largely the wise action of Admiral Bristol that kept relations alive and led to the present working agreement between the two countries.

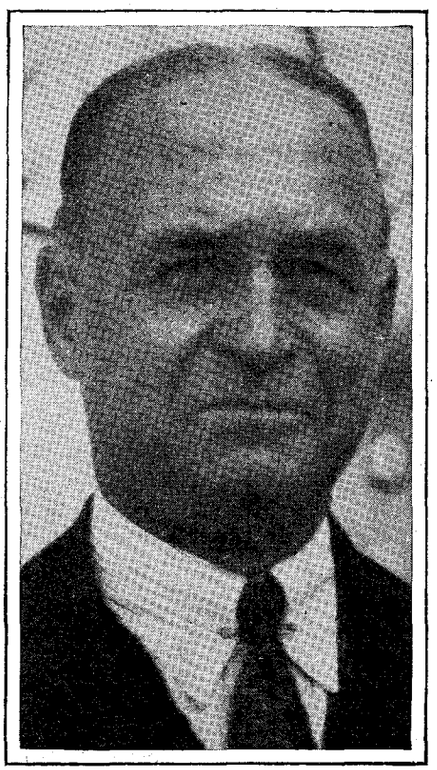
Now he has gone to an even more trying post in China. His first problem, which he has at once set himself to study, is whether the forces of marines should be kept there. They were sent to protect American citizens in the civil war, but danger seems to have passed. His larger problem is the whole question of relations with the Chinese, and he is eminently qualified to solve it. Admiral Bristol does not belong to the "shut 'em up—shoot 'em up" school of military and naval men. To put him in charge in China was an excellent decision.

Patriotism with Complications

WHAT to do with the American merchant marine, which has been a steady loser of money, is again a question before the President and shortly will be a question before Congress. Though the task of finding private purchasers for the ships has been beyond the ability of those to whom it was given, there are ways of being rid of them. One is to permit the railroads to acquire them. The President is said to see both advantages and disadvantages in this proposal. The main advantage is said to be that, if the railroads owned the ships, the ships would get more business. The main objection is said to be that railroad ownership of the vessels would lessen competition in cargo carrying and increase friction between ship-owning and non-ship-owning railroads.

Another way of being rid of the fleet, finally, is not to provide for replacement as the ships become obsolete. This has the disadvantage that, while it would extricate the Government from the shipping business, it would leave the United States practically without shipping under its own flag.

Still, this matter of replacement constitutes the immediate question. An appropriation of $300,000,000 is necessary if the merchant fleet is not to be allowed to deteriorate. The President has been quoted as opposing such an appropriation. On the other hand, Chairman Madden, of the House Appropriations Committee, and Chairman Jones, of the Senate Commerce Committee, have announced that they regard such an appropriation as necessary and that they will press for it at the forthcoming session of Congress.



Keystone

Rear-Admiral Mark L. Bristol, Commander-in-Chief of the United States Asiatic Fleet

The President, meanwhile, has made an appeal for patriotism as applied to the American merchant marine. It can be kept afloat successfully, he has been quoted as saying, only if American producers and purchasers insist that their products and foreign purchases be shipped in American bottoms. Might not this, however, as a going-and-coming brand of patriotism, lead to international complications? If American producers insist that American products go to England, for instance, in American bottoms, how could they object to a British insistence that British products sold to Americans be sent in British bottoms? It is rather too much to hope that American importers and exporters can choose both the ships in which the goods they buy shall come from Europe and the ships in which the goods they sell shall go to Europe.

If Americans generally should so insist, we should probably be in for a shipping war with at least some of the other shipping countries. Competition on such a scale needs something more than mere patriotic desire. It needs organization.

Hughes and Smith

EVERYTHING is settled as to the Presidential candidacies of 1928. Charles Evans Hughes is to be nominated by the Republicans and Alfred E. Smith by the Democrats. This crystallization of chaos has come about with remarkable celerity. One week the Republican nomination was anybody's fight against everybody and the Democratic nomination was everybody's fight against Governor Smith. The next week Hughes and Smith were as good as nominated.

But politics is always a syrup that readily "turns to sugar." Rarely does it remain so. It goes through a process of re-solution, ferments, foams, fills twice its former space, sours, and finally, as like as not, again solidifies into acid crystals.

The common belief that Hughes and Smith will be nominated probably means little more than that politicians have ceased to "mill" and have settled down to business. The candidate who has a commanding lead several months before the time for choosing delegates is proverbially in a dangerous position. His eminence enables all factions to combine against him, only to split up again after he has been disposed of.

Still, the eminence of both Hughes and Smith is, for the time being, very real.

Hughes came promptly into favor largely because of the belief that he stands above most of the controversies that trouble American thought at this time, because his ability is undisputed, because of the belief that his distinguished services as Secretary of State have made him a bigger man now than he was in 1916; somewhat, also, because of the belief that he is the only Republican who can carry New York State against Smith.

The apparent belief of the Republicans that Smith is the man they must prepare to beat has been, no doubt, an element in bringing about the conviction that Smith is certainly to have the nomination. But it has not been the most important element. More important, perhaps, has been the announcement of William G. McAdoo's determination not to be a contender for the nomination. This was taken in many quarters as confession that he could no longer muster sufficient strength to hope for the nomination or even to hold the veto

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power against the nomination of Smith. More important still is the fact that recognition of Governor Smith's ability in certain important lines has extended over a wider area.

Somebody and the Other Fellow

But all of these things together do not mean that opposing candidacies are not formidable. Even the significant statement of Secretary of the Treasury Mellon that he is inclined to favor the nomination of Mr. Hughes does not mean that the demand for Mr. Hoover as a candidate has been withdrawn. Nothing that has been said or done indicates that the Western opposition to a candidate of the type of either Hughes or Hoover has at all lessened. Already, as this is written, Northwestern opposition to Hughes is beginning to be audible in the East. The Republican fight is still in the future, the Hughes sentiment merely something substantial "to shoot at." And Mr. Hughes remains personally in the fortunate position of one who does not seek the nomination.

Along the Democratic sector the situation is similar. Mr. McAdoo's withdrawal is in no sense a conceding of the victory to Governor Smith. The reasons which Mr. McAdoo gave for his withdrawal were good reasons, even if they did not entirely explain his action. Mr. McAdoo's personal strength, had he chosen to be a candidate, would undoubtedly have been less in 1928 than it was in 1924. But the elements of the party naturally and inevitably opposed to Smith are not necessarily less. Those Democrats who call themselves "progressive" and those Democrats who are dry are no less opposed to Smith now than they have always been. Whether they can find a candidate upon whom they can all unite is, of course, a question. But they were never all united upon McAdoo. It is to be remembered that the balance of power in the 1924 Convention was held by groups opposed to both McAdoo and Smith. The argument, sometimes heard, that there is no candidate to oppose Smith is not valid. There are many possible Democratic candidates of some parts. And, at the worst, there is always the "amiable unknown."

The Treasury, Morgan, and a Million

The failure of the Inter-State Commerce Commission to approve the agreement of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad to pay J. P. Morgan & Co. a fee of about a million dollars for underwriting a preferred stock issue of about forty-nine million dollars brings into the news a term commonly misunderstood. The banking house which underwrites a stock or bond issue guarantees nothing as to the integrity of the issue, nothing whatever to buyers of the securities. It merely agrees with the corporation issuing the stock or bonds to sell the issue, and this sometimes entails an advance of money before all of the securities are disposed of.

Photograph by Arnold Genthe, N. Y.

Isadora Duncan

In vetoing the underwriting agreement in the case of the New Haven road the Inter-State Commerce Commission neither approved nor disapproved of the practice. It acted alone on the ground of economy for the road, which is to use the proceeds of the issue mainly for discharging obligations to the Federal Treasury. The Commission held that, since holders of the road's common stock are to have the right of acquiring the preferred stock at the ratio of one share to four of common, the road should have no difficulty in disposing of the issue without underwriting. An extra million dollars will be made available thereby for repayment of obligations to the Government.

The New York, New Haven, and Hartford has accepted the ruling of the Commission, and will offer the issue of preferred stock direct to the holders of its common stock.

Isadora Duncan's Art

By a strange accident in Nice on September 14 Isadora Duncan, American dancer, was instantly killed. A long scarf which she was wearing caught in a wheel of the motor car in which she was riding and threw her to the street. Her death resembles that of her two young children fourteen years ago, which was caused by the plunge of a driverless automobile into the Seine. In her dress she affected flowing drapery. Indeed, she did much to influence woman's dress. What was once eccentricity in her has now become familiar. There is irony in the fact that the very means by which she contributed to freedom from the stiff and formal in fashion was her undoing.

Like many another artist, especially of the lower ranks, she lived her life frankly and carelessly. She did not distinguish between arbitrary conventions which curtail freedom and those principles of conduct on which real freedom rests. Her weaknesses have ended with her tragic exit from a feverish world. So far as she will be remembered it will be not because of her frailties or her mad freaks, but because of her art—what many found to be an enchanting art.

If not quite Greek—for it was too modern for that—her art had some of the Greek qualities. It was not stilted or mechanical, like that of the traditional operatic dance, but emotional and natural. In her the dance was not acrobatic, but untrammeled, rhythmic, free, enhanced by the use of classic drapery.

The influence of this movement for the liberation of the dance from hampering traditions is seen not only on the professional stage, but also in the many schools of dancing throughout this country and even in our women's colleges.

For her attempt to employ the dance as a means of interpreting famous symphonies and other music Isadora Duncan drew on her head some derision. Her purpose in this attempt was perhaps not always understood. She did not pretend that she could "interpret" Beethoven or Brahms in the sense of explaining either. What she tried to do was to express by fitting movement her own emotional response to their tones and rhythm. Even so, to the great majority of those who appreciate and respect the art of music the emotional "reactions" of a dancer in the presence

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of great musical master works are negligible.

It was not her "interpretation," but her success in rescuing the dance from the stiff and the trite that gave Isadora Duncan's art its distinction.

A French Champion of America

AFTER the Davis Cup contest the National singles tournament in tennis was something of an anti-climax. Whatever the outcome, the international tennis crown had passed from the United States. If Tilden had regained the National title, held for a year by a member of the French team, René Lacoste, it would have been hardly more than a consolation prize. But even that was not to be.

The once formidable Tilden went down in straight sets before Lacoste's imperturbable play. What beat Tilden was an almost perfect defense. Every shot that Tilden sent across the net into his opponent's court seemed to come back somehow. They may not have come back with the speed that other opponents of Tilden's have employed, but they came back. It was Verdun over again—"They shall not pass." At the end of the three sets—11–9, 6–3, 11–9—Tilden, in spite of his superb physique, was all in. That he was is not surprising. Tennis at high speed is as strenuous a sport as is played. Those three sets were equal in the number of points played to many a five-set match.

Incidentally, American tennis galleries still have something to learn. They cannot be substitutes for referees or even linesmen. If the balls could be seen as well from the stands as they can from the place where the linesman sits, the linesman would be in the stands.

True Courage

IN two recent air flights the fliers have shown wisdom and moral courage in abandoning their eagerly sought objects in the face of conditions that made continued effort dangerous and reckless. More and more the world is distinguishing between brave men who push their adventurous voyages with thorough preparation, good judgment, and trained skill, and those who rush forward unprepared, ill-advised, and unskilled.

Schlee and Brock made a notable and really splendid achievement in their attempt to girdle the world in less time than has ever been made. They flew over 12,000 miles, including a fine transatlantic flight of 2,350 miles, and made the distance from Harbor Grace to Tokyo in nineteen days. On the fourteenth day they were at Rangoon. If Schlee and Brock had been able to carry out their plan of crossing the Pacific, stopping at Midway Islands and Honolulu, they could easily have bettered the record of twenty-eight days around the world made with railway, steamship, and plane by Evans and Wells. But to attempt this flight became recklessness when they found that no fuel was awaiting them at Midway Islands. With exceeding reluctance, they yielded to the many remonstrances cabled from this country. Schlee said, "We could not fight public opinion."

The result was that the American press and people have given Schlee and Brock unstinted praise for wisdom and moral courage as well as for their unquestioned great achievement.

The same thing was true of the ill fortune of the two members of the Irish Free State Air Force, Captain McIntosh and Commander Fitzmaurice, who on September 16, in the monoplane Princess Xenia, started on the westward trip from Ireland to America. Three hundred miles out they met a gale and heavy rain, and it was impossible to steer or make headway. For their common sense in returning to Ireland, without courting death, they have had and they deserve nothing but praise.

Was the A. E. F. Cheated?

WHEN the A. E. F. went overseas ten years ago, there were all sorts of conflicting ideals of what the war was to accomplish. It was to be "the war to end war," "to make the world safe for democracy," "to establish world unity," "to end the menace of German imperialism," and—according to the slogan most popular among the doughboys—"to can the Kaiser."

When the A. E. F. came home, people's minds were full of a strange mixture of relief, enthusiasm, and disillusionment. The war had ended in favor of the Allies. But there had been no surrender; instead, a severe Armistice. The Peace Conference failed to satisfy either the idealists who had forevisioned the globe democratized and unified or the realistic extremists who wanted to march to Berlin. Both of these groups declared that the war had been a failure and the professions of the statesmen a snare. But the soldiers—with few exceptions—voiced no such disappointment. At a mention of the Peace Conference they may have been inclined to crack a wry grin. Yet if they felt cheated, they did not say so. For one thing in which they were interested they had done. They had canned the Kaiser.

Now, with the second A. E. F. overseas ten years after, it is possible to estimate a little more soberly what was accomplished. The Kaiser has stayed canned, and no German monarchist has succeeded in finding a can-opener that seems likely to work, though several have been tried. And the doughboys' slang slogan summed up a fundamental purpose. For all the war of words about who started the war has not obscured the fact that the Teutonic system of economic organization and social culture was seeking—consciously or unconsciously—to extend its sway beyond the borders it then commanded. That tendency the war stopped, as earlier wars in history have stopped the expansion of other empires that threatened other nations. No menace remains of German domination of any other country, much less of any "German domination of the world." Instead, in the gathering of the League of Nations Germany has promised to accept compulsory arbitration of all disputes by the Permanent Court of International Justice at The Hague—a result which it is impossible to imagine if the war had gone the other way.

The struggle was not a failure and the victory was not a farce. All the oratory about "democracy" and "world unity" meant comparatively little to most of the fighting men. But "the war to end war" did mean something—and smashing the German military system and canning the Kaiser were realities. To them it was evident that if this trouble-making force could be destroyed the world would be the better for it. They did not expect the world to become a perfect or even—necessarily—a finer place to live in; they did expect it to become an easier place to live in. And it has become both an easier and a better world for the ordinary citizen than it would have been if Germany had been allowed to win. That would have meant intensive military and naval preparation all around the globe, a world keyed and strained to the utmost pitch of nervous tension for the next inevitable struggle. Whatever the shortcomings of the peace settlement—and they were admittedly many—life is far pleasanter for the average person than it could have been otherwise.

In that sense, "the war to end war" was a realistic slogan. It did not and

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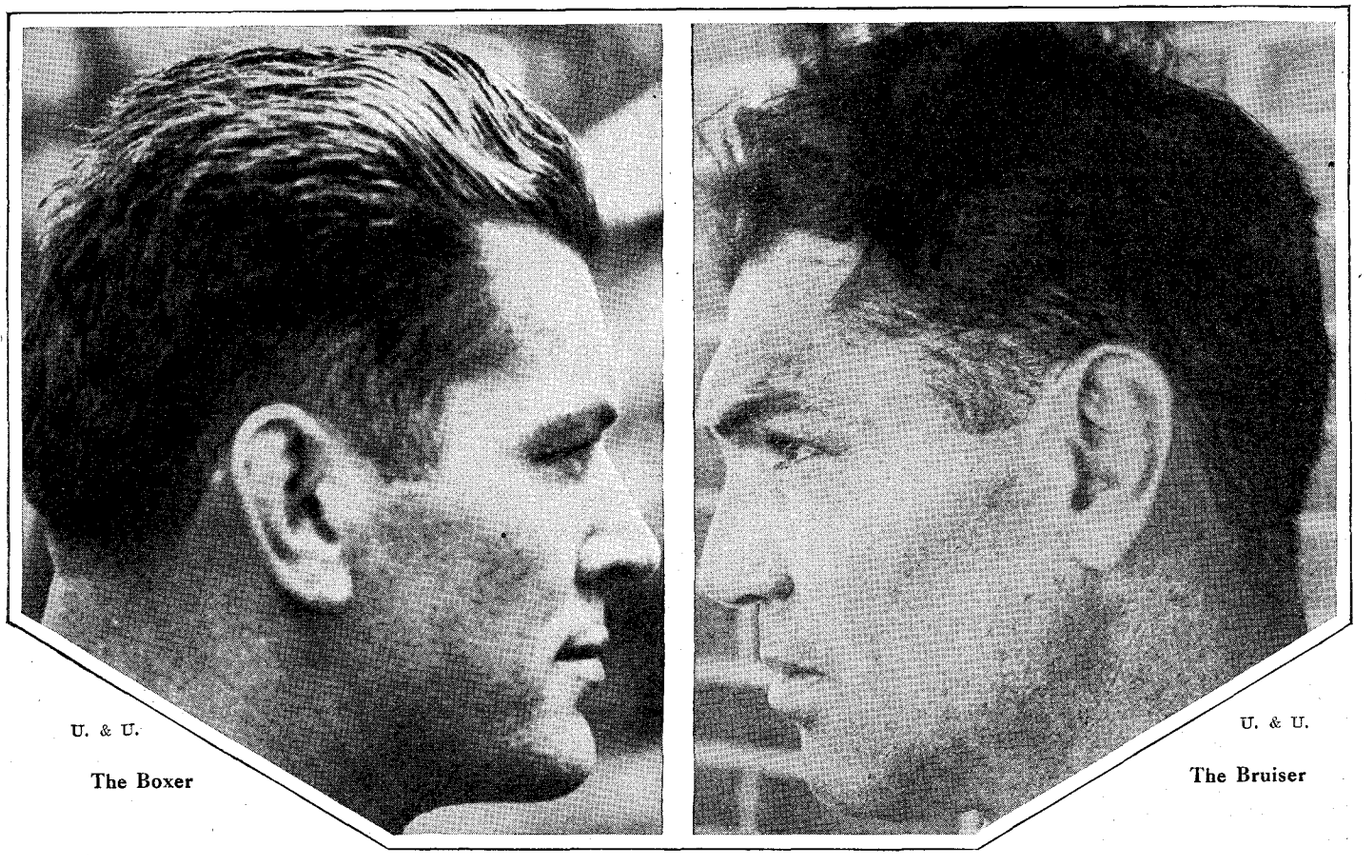

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The Boxer

U. & U.
The Bruiser

Gene Tunney Jack Dempsey

could not mean the creation immediately, or even ultimately perhaps, of a world free from any peril of war. To the A. E. F. it could never have meant unwillingness to fight in a just cause. But it did mean a world in which there would be less probability of war, and particularly of aggressive war. This aim the Allies did accomplish. This is the gain achieved by "canning the Kaiser." As time goes on, the phrases of many of the statesmen prove to have held less significance than the soldiers' slang.

The Commercialized Prize Ring

OUT of the fight on September 22 the man entering as the heavyweight champion of the prize ring will get a million dollars, and his opponent, entering the contest as ex-champion, will get several hundred thousand dollars. Mr. Rickard, who has been promoting the fight, has had his eye on the bank rolls of the well-to-do and on the pay envelopes of those wage-workers and salaried people in the neighborhood of Chicago and vicinity whom he has counted on to fill the cheaper seats at ten and five dollars each in the stadium on what is, for the time being ironically, known as Soldiers' Field. Whatever the outcome of the fight may be (for we are writing before it is staged), these are the important facts.

Prize-fighting has become a business. News of prize-fighting appears in the part of the newspapers known as the sporting pages; but that is the result of a tradition. It belongs there no more than the Wall Street reports or stories about the latest developments in the motor-car industry. Of course, this business depends for its existence upon the public belief that it is a sport; but no one really treats it as a sport pure and simple. Even the sporting writers themselves are brutally frank about the matter. And yet many thousands, buying their tickets to the fight at the railway stations in their home towns, have traveled an incalculable number of thousands of miles to be customers of the prize ring magnate.

Brutality is not what makes the prize ring noisome. Fighting with the fists is not nearly so brutal as people untrained in boxing often think it is. Whatever brutalizing effect boxing may have is not so much upon the participants as upon some of the spectators. Perhaps the Puritans were not so far wrong in objecting to bear baiting because it gave pleasure to those who watched it; for delight in anything strenuous without the compensation of exertion, pleasure in blood and sweat without bleeding and sweating, is morally and mentally enervating. But that is not what has dragged prize-fighting in the mire. Rather it is the corrupting influence that has attended its commercialization. When enormous sums of money are at stake in a single contest, what chance is there for the really sporting element?

A few days before the fight at Chicago was to take place a letter was sent to champion Tunney in the name of ex-champion Dempsey. Although it acknowledged that Dempsey had been really beaten in the fight at Philadelphia in which Tunney gained the championship, it brought up accusations by inference if not by direct assertions that money had been paid to influence the decision. The object of the letter was obvious. It was to throw Tunney into a state of mind in which he would be more vulnerable. In similar fashion on Dempsey's behalf the word went around before Dempsey's fight with Sharkey that Sharkey was a "squawker." When that fight took place, many spectators declared that Dempsey fouled Sharkey; but the reputation which had attached itself to Sharkey's name naturally discounted protests on Sharkey's behalf. It is common knowledge that such things are done repeatedly in connection with prize-fighting. In this case Tunney treated the matter as "trash" and "a very cheap appeal for public sympathy." He took occasion to ask

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Dempsey whether he thought this letter "sportsmanlike." But why should any one expect the sportsmanlike in connection with prize-fighting?

Perhaps Gene Tunney can do something to rescue the prize ring from its evil reputation. He has certainly himself behaved like a sportsman. He has not been content merely with learning how to slug, but also how to box. He has at least treated his business as if it were a sport. It is significant that, as a consequence, of all the heavyweight champions he is reputed to be the least popular.

Blundering Bureaucracy

WHEN on September 15 a prediction by the United States Department of Agriculture that cotton prices would decline was flashed to the markets and broke them, a torrential demand for further information and explanation descended upon the Department. The Secretary of Agriculture could not, for the time being, be heard from. The Chief of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, in which the prediction originated, was not in. The Assistant Chief was not in. An administrative assistant in the line of publicity stood in the breach and tried to hold back the flood.

Only one thing was clear, and that was that this administrative assistant was not clear in his mind as to what had happened. First the news went out that the report to the markets was erroneous, that the Department had made no such prediction; then that a prediction more than a month old had been picked up and used; and, finally, that, while the prediction had been made for release that day, it was not meant for the public, but for the guidance of agents of the Department.

The most sinister feature of the incident is just this: That nobody in the Department of Agriculture knew instantly where the thing came from, that nobody was ready instantly to take responsibility for it and defend it. Apparently, it might have come from almost anywhere among the multitudinous wheels of a vast bureau.

Now the Crop Reporting Board of the Department of Agriculture, which has the legal duty of collecting and disseminating crop information, is elaborately and almost oppressively safeguarded. Its members are under bond. They are subject to penal sentence under a special statute if they divulge crop information except in the strictly guarded way provided by law. When the Board is in session, not only are they locked in the Board room, but all telephone and telegraph instruments are disconnected. The blinds are drawn and elaborate precautions are taken to prevent the possibility of signaling from the inside to the outside of the room. Information goes out only when the Secretary of Agriculture has, with his own hand, unlocked the door of the Board room, gone in, and placed his O. K. on the report.

All of these precautions are necessary. The information which the Board possesses is of such a nature that if it were released in any irregular way or even one minute before it is due, not only the markets for that day, but commodity prices for the entire season might be upset, speculators' fortunes made, farmers' earnings for a year swept away.

Why, then, should somebody, identity unknown, without restriction and without supervision, be permitted to make a statement with the same power to upset markets and get it into circulation without anybody's knowing anything definite about it?

The answer is that he should not, and that answer has now been given by Secretary Jardine, apparently at the insistence of the President. The incident doubtless was nothing worse than a bit of blundering. It had been done before and nothing came of it. Secretary Jardine expressed astonishment that the markets had seized upon it in September, when they apparently ignored much the same sort of thing in August. One explanation which might have occurred to him is that, whereas practically no actual cotton was moving in August, the ginning season was at its height in September.

No such incident would have been possible in the Department of Agriculture a few years ago. The Bureau of Crop Estimates, then a small and compact organization devoted exclusively to the gathering and disseminating of crop statistics, has since been chewed and swallowed, if not entirely digested, by a mammoth bureaucracy, its functions added to, multiplied, raised to the *n*th power, and extended to infinity.

What inevitably happens in a bureaucracy has happened here. The welfare of the country is of less importance than the theory and the routine upon which the bureaucracy proceeds. An overzeal for what is regarded as service results in disservice. And the evil will not be cured until the country, or at least Congress, realizes and acts against the dangers of bureaucracy.

The particular mistake which caused the furor of September 15 may not be made again. But it was not the first mistake of the kind. A much more important one, at least in extent, is discussed at some length in an article, written by Mr. Aaron H. Ulm, in this issue of The Outlook. The mistake of September 15 will not be the last. Mistakes likely to be disastrous will be made until the Bureau of Agricultural Economics is called back to its real business and simplified until somebody in authority knows what it is doing.

The Literary Hack

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

IT is depressing to think of the immeasurable reams of paper and the incalculable gallons of ink that have been used up by newspaper hack writers since the invention of the printing-press. Sometimes it seems as if not only this vast volume of paper and ink but the incredible toil of the laborers who made them had gone to unutterable waste. Take this very article, for example. What is its pedigree? And to what end has the travail been undergone that was necessary to produce it?

In some distant forest a pine or hemlock or spruce or poplar tree is felled by a hardy "lumberjack" who lives the adventurous life of the frontiersman, and to whom bacon and beans are a banquet. The log is hauled out of the woods over the snow by patient oxen, or dragged on a creaking narrow-gauge railway by a puffing little locomotive, or floated down a tumultuous stream, perhaps to be caught in a jam out of which it is dynamited by agile, leaping loggers who often take their lives in their hands to untangle the grotesque and gigantic snarl. At last the whirling, dizzy poplar comes to rest in the "boom" at the mill whence it is "snaked" out to be sawn, ground, and sulphuretted into pulp—a veritable inferno for any tree that could think. It is then shaken, steamed, and wound, in company with other little poplars, into a huge roll of paper ready for the printing-press.

In the meantime the press, a complicated machine as big as a cottage and as delicate as a watch, has been prepared for the reception of the paper.

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Coal-black miners underground and sweating, half-naked puddlers in the steel mill have co-operated in its construction. The paper is inserted in one end of this colossal machine, the mysterious electric energy is turned on and, presto, out of the other end comes what? This wretched article! *Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus,* was the comment of that genial satirist, Horace, on such efforts—the pregnant mountain labored and brought forth a wretched little mouse.

Now I do not call this article wretched in affected disparagement, but because that term expresses the feeling that occasionally overwhelms every hack, whether he be writer, painter, or musician. Preachers, who have to do a great amount of hack work, sometimes suffer from such depression, I surmise. They have their "blue Mondays." It is not because hack work is perfunctory. On the contrary it is often performed from a high sense of duty and with painstaking care. The words "pot boiler" are customarily used as a term of opprobrium by art critics. But does not this reproach spring from a mistaken sense of proportion? Mankind must have food, clothing, shelter before it can have art, and to keep the pot boiling is not infrequently the sternest duty of him who would, if he could, create great and noble works of art.

Let the pot boiler or the hack writer, provided his work is as sincere and honest as he can make it, be of good cheer. Something may come of it, after all, besides mere utilitarianism. The man who has to whip himself to do his daily column or his weekly article may take courage by recalling to mind the fact that some of the greatest names in literature are those of men who were once in the hack-writing class. Xantippe thought that Socrates was a useless and provoking hack. Shakespeare wrote many of his best plays as pot boilers to keep the box office of the Globe theater in a profitable condition. Dr. Johnson was the greatest hack writer the world has ever known. He alone has made the profession almost an illustrious one. Two of his greatest creative productions, the Dictionary and the "Shakespeare Commentary," were pure pieces of hack work. He once said to his friend, Sir John Hawkins: "I look upon this [his edition of Shakespeare] as I did upon the Dictionary; it is all work, and my inducement to it is not love or desire of fame, but the want of money, which is the only motive to writing I know of."

Perhaps the most remarkable example in English literature of the hack writer who has become ennobled is George Meredith. In certain circles the highest test that can be applied to a candidate for a diploma of literary taste is to ask if he reads "The Egoist" or "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel." My "I. Q." in this respect is very unsatisfactory. I confess that I am unable to read Meredith with spontaneous pleasure. This is probably because I belong to the great middle class who, as an English Meredithian explains, "read with their eyes and not with their minds." But at least I recognize my limitations and willingly admit that for intellectual power Meredith stands among the giants of his trade —the trade of novelists whom Heine called the pastry-cooks of literature.

It is not, however, for his intellectual power that I refer to Meredith. It is because for seven or eight years he was the veriest hack writer, supporting himself by contributing, says the most eulogistic of his biographers, "one or two leading articles and an average of about two columns of news notes each week" to a provincial newspaper, the "Ipswich Journal." He was unhappy about it. "Above all things," he said, "I detest writing for money. . . . And journalism for money is Egyptian bondage. No slavery is comparable to the chains of hired journalism."

I like Dr. Johnson better as a hack; partly because he did not complain but did his plodding work manfully, and partly because one of his sententious pronouncements is the best possible justification of the work of the literary hack. When his life-long friend David Garrick, the great Shakespearean actor, died, Dr. Johnson wrote that this untimely death "eclipsed the gayety of nations and impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasure." Boswell took the Doctor to task for indulging in an anti-climax. "Is not," asked Boswell, " 'harmless pleasure' very tame?" "No, sir," retorted Johnson, " 'harmless pleasure' is the highest praise. Pleasure is a word of dubious import; pleasure is in general dangerous, and pernicious to virtue; to be able therefore to furnish pleasure that is harmless, pleasure pure and unalloyed, is as great a power as man can possess."

If this article, then, in spite of its share in deforestation, should give any reader a little harmless pleasure I should happily feel that I have the backing of one of the sanest and most likable moralists of modern times.

Another "Big Four" Comes Through

By HERBERT REED

AMERICA retains the International Challenge Polo Cup, and with it a prestige as remarkable as has ever been achieved in any one sport.

A gallant band of British officers connected with the army in India, financed and abetted, encouraged and advised, by the Maharajah of Ratlam, as good a sportsman as ever came to these shores, was turned back by the one-sided score of 13 to 3 in the first game, and by the much closer tally of 8 to 5 in the second encounter, when the challengers had been reinforced in the forward positions by heavier men. The same four that defended the cup so decisively in 1924 against a challenging Hurlingham team that was torn with British polo politics, and led in a forlorn hope by Lewis L. Lacey, of the Argentine, a Canadian subject who fought with the British arms throughout the war, was chosen to defend after an early experiment with a radically changed formation. This consisted of J. Watson Webb at No. 1; the incomparable Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., at No. 2; the deft and canny Malcolm Stevenson at No. 3; and Devereux Milburn, the world's greatest back and captain. It is characteristic of the man Milburn that, finding the newly chosen order of the American Defense Committee (Winston Guest, Hitchcock, Cheever Cowdin, and himself) going badly, he took the whole matter in his own hands, reinstated the veteran formation, and won through with it, so inspiring it with his own personality and leadership that in the first game of the series it turned in a brand of polo that certainly equaled if it did not surpass that of the famous original Big Four—the Waterburys, Harry Payne Whitney, and himself.

The American victory had been expected before the matches materialized. The English team had a peculiar history that did not add to its prospects, and a streak of luck in the matter of weather that was a downright handicap. Hurlingham, through which all challenges for the Westchester Cup, in play this time for the forty-first year, must be made by the terms of the deed of gift, had confessed its inability to gather up a team that could challenge with even a

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remote chance of success. This despite the fact that four English players had been in action in this country the year before, and playing in our open championship, who would have represented any country with credit, and that Lacey, the greatest of them all, was still available. Whereupon India took fire and asked the privilege of challenging.

The Indian army had turned out a team that had swept all before it; it was a team that had been together for a year, it was superbly mounted from the stables of the Maharajahs of Ratlam and Jodhpur, two of the greatest sporting Indian princes, and with their rupees and those gathered from army messes and the polo public of India it was prepared to conduct such a campaign as never before had been undertaken by any Hurlingham output. Consent was forthcoming, rather grudgingly, to be sure, but, at all events, the team sailed. When Colonel-Commandant H. A. Tomkinson, managing the invasion, landed his men and his mounts on this side, he did not pretend that he had better than an even chance, if that, to take the trophy home, but he did promise to show America a team that was a unit, one that was here with a definite object, had little or no interest in social engagements, and was organized as none of its predecessors ever had been. Native grooms came with the mounts, and they were among the best in the world. India and Australia, with a scattering from England, had been drawn upon for the four-footed players. The team, in its first appearance at the Westchester Biltmore field, a month before the event, showed so well, playing *in the order in which it had been in action in India,* worked so smoothly that the American Defense Committee was outspoken in its praise and publicly announced its realization that here was a foe worth America's best.

AFTER that the deluge.

The team had worked up its beautiful combinations and crisp hitting on the fast fields of India, and had refused to play in England in order to avoid any risk of slowing down. Yet throughout the period of preparation in this country, such was the weather, the team never once had a chance to play under anything like home conditions. There was another problem at hand. There was in action in this country an Irish player, an officer in the British army, and at one time attached to the Poona Horse in India, Captain C. T. I. Roark, who could not well be kept off the team from Hurlingham's point of view, although had Hurlingham itself been handling the team it is possible that he would have had even a lesser chance. It was no fault of Roark's that he was taken over to the team and mounted by Captain the Hon. Frederick E. Guest, long and still a power in the Hurlingham committee. Roark is a remarkable player, but it was plain to any acute observer that he was *in* and not *of* the company that faced the American Big Four. Although Major Atkinson was the captain of the team, it was the voice of Roark that was heard over the field, scolding, cajoling, exhorting. By his appearance he displaced Captain John Pitt Dening, who had played No. 3 on the original team, and it soon became apparent that something was wrong up forward. Captain George at No. 1, who had turned in splendid play in India, and Captain A. H. Williams, who was a very fine No. 2 at home and in his early appearances here, fell off in their play, and while Williams retained his place with the four for the opening game at Meadow Brook, George was displaced by Captain Pert, a young and popular officer weighing 151 pounds, who was supposed to match in the battering riding off of the modern game the old master of all polo, Milburn, riding at more than 180 pounds. The impossibility of such a selection should have been apparent to the British management, but the British manage ment was hurried and worried, and Pert turned in a fancy day's play too close to the matches to be readily set aside.

The result was that in the first match, before the largest and most brilliant gathering that had ever witnessed an international, the British were almost literally swept from the field, the American Big Four playing almost beyond themselves. It was a great exhibition. The day after the match the British had learned one of their lessons. They had learned that Roark was no great asset if the light and outclassed forwards could not keep the thundering Milburn and the canny Stevenson from coming clear through and literally smothering him. Incidentally, they smothered the gallant Atkinson, too.

For the second match, therefore, Colonel Tomkinson threw in his big men, as he had been advised to do by American critics even before the first encounter. They were Captain R. A. George and Captain J. P. Dening, who had earned their reputations by playing with the best of the American test teams, and were showing better form even than that in India. How well they had learned American polo in a couple of weeks is attested by the great fight they made in the second match, for, with the exception of the first period, when Tommy Hitchcock, mounted on the greatest polo pony of the year, the piebald Argentine, Tobyanna, and supported by his other players on the three next best of the string, scored three goals, the teams were evenly matched all the way. It is true that the American Big Four could not again be expected to reach the heights attained in the first game, for any set of men has just one game like that in its system, but, even so, the Americans were playing hard enough to permit the loser to retire with a great share of the credit for the afternoon's work.

THE British invaders had once again to learn that America plays rough, hard, if legitimate polo, with unorthodox formations and terrific hitting, and that only that same type of game stands any chance of wringing the famous Westchester trophy from their grasp. It is a pity that that lesson was not learned earlier. So the Maharajah departs vowing to return next year in quest of the Open Championship, a mission that requires no sanction from meddlesome and society-ridden Hurlingham, and with a full knowledge of just what "big time" American polo is. He left behind him a team that was desperately striving to take home that same trophy in the course of the wind-up of the present expedition, but sadly depleted in mounts through the loss of Roark, mounted by Captain Guest, who has them here for sale, and by Williams, forced to return for other reasons. However, the British Army-in-India made a splendid impression in this country.

The general mix-up on the other side of which they were to some extent the victims will undoubtedly serve to reinforce the Argentine demand that the Westchester Cup, whose deed of gift is hopelessly out of date, be thrown open to challenge from India, the Argentine, Spain, France, or anywhere else that the game is progressing along the advanced American lines. It has become painfully apparent that so long as the present powers rule at Hurlingham England will not or cannot send over a team that has a fair chance of winning, and will not allow any other section of the British Empire to do so without meddling. All of which, of course, is no reflection on the gallant Roark. The Maharajahs will be welcome again in their own right, and it may be that some day Hurlingham will see the light.

In the meantime the Cup is safe for another three years.

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Shall We Scrap Our Calendar?

RAILWAY transportation, steamship transportation, the packing industry, banking statistics, and the hotel industry are represented in statements from distinguished business men printed in connection with this article. E. W. Beatty, Robert Dollar, F. Edson White, George Foster Peabody, Roger W. Babson, and E. M. Statler are all practical men of affairs with imagination. They have made their statements in response to a telegraphic request from the Editor-in-Chief of The Outlook. We should like now to hear from our readers—especially those who have something out of their own experience to contribute to this discussion. Frankly, The Outlook is for the change; but all letters, whether they are for or against the change, whether they can be printed or not, will be of use—even simple votes of "yes" or "no." Reasons for the vote will be welcome. Read this article, and then tell us how you would answer the question, "Shall We Scrap Our Calendar?"

—THE EDITORS.

A "MONTH" does not mean anything. A day means something. A year means something. But a month? In the vernacular, what do you mean, month?

We cannot scrap our days or our years without scrapping the sun. We could but we do not want to scrap our weeks. Religious tradition, long habit, and convenience combine to make the week a very acceptable division of time. But we can (and, if we once come to see the awkwardness and inconvenience of them, we will) scrap our months.

When you say month you do not say anything definite. Do you mean a month of twenty-eight days or a month of thirty-one? Do you mean a calendar month or a lunar month? And if you mean a lunar month, what kind of lunar month? The best general definition that the dictionary can give of a month is that it is one of the twelve parts into which the calendar year is divided; but even that definition does not fit a lunar month for there are more than twelve lunar months in a year. Even in law the word month is an inaccurate term. It once meant a lunar month—that is, some kind of lunar month—but in England and the United States it means a calendar month whether of twenty-eight, twenty-nine, thirty, or thirty-one days. A month is a wholly irrational division of time. It has no relation to anything in astronomy, or human experience. It is an inaccurate and varying measure of time that is a constant annoyance in business and a misleading unit in science. It has no religious significance.

A month is nothing but just a bad habit.

The worst of it is that it is a habit that has been wished on us by people long since dead and forgotten. Long before the Christian era the Egyptians had a better set of months than we have. Then came along Julius Cæsar and robbed February of a day and named one of the longer months after himself. Then came along Augustus Cæsar and he took to himself the month that followed Julius's, but because he wanted a month that was just as big as Julius's he added a day to it. To do this he stole another day from February. Then he changed around some other days and left the set of calendar months in a jumble. And ever since then we have been putting up with this arbitrary arrangement as if it were as fixed as the tides and the circuit of the earth around the sun.

Shall we make every month look like this?

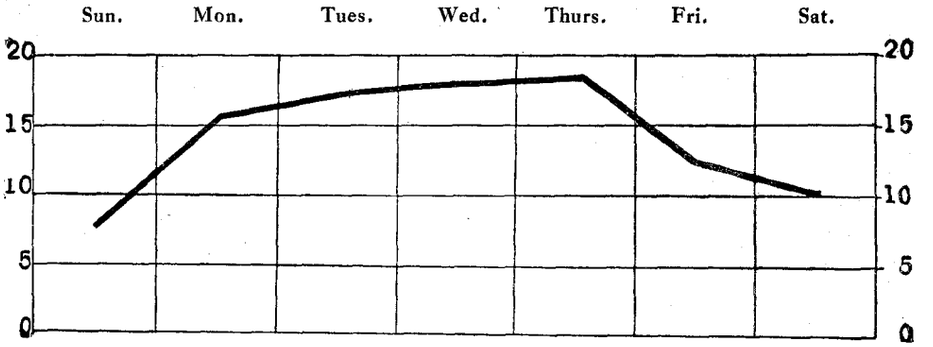
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28

The International Fixed Calendar

What is the consequence?

A HOTEL that did a business of $10,000 per week in room sales found that its receipts from room sales were less in May than those in April. It looked as if the business was dropping off. May was one day longer than April and yet its room sales were less. The figures, however, proved to be very misleading. As a matter of fact business was actually better in May than in April—ten dollars a day better—but the monthly comparison seemed to show that it was worse. Why? It is simply because the hotel, like the rest of us, was doing what Julius and Augustus had whimsically told it to do. The explanation is very simple. The hotel business is not uniform throughout the week. Eminent accountants have estimated that, on the average, room sales are usually more on Wednesdays and Thursdays than they are on any other days of the week. The average in percentage is Monday 17, Tuesday 17, Wednesday 18, Thursday 18, Friday 12, Saturday 10, and Sunday 8. Now it happened that there was a fifth Wednesday and a fifth Thursday in April while in May there was a fifth Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. On a weekly business of $10,000 the Wednesday and Thursday in April brought in $3,600, while the Friday, Saturday, and Sunday in May brought in $3,030—$10 a day above the average. A worse report for a better business.

This, of course, is not an actual case;



This shows how incomes from hotel room sales vary during the week from day to day. The figures on the sides indicate percentages of the week's sales

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MONTH	1st WEEK	2nd WEEK	3rd WEEK	4th WEEK	5th WEEK	6th WEEK	MONTH	Saturdays
	S M T W T F S	S M T W T F S	S M T W T F S	S M T W T F S	S M T W T F S	S M		
Jan	1 2 3 4 5 6 7	8 9 10 11 12 13 14	15 16 17 18 19 20 21	22 23 24 25 26 27 28	29 30 31		Jan	
Feb	1 2 3 4	5 6 7 8 9 10 11	12 13 14 15 16 17 18	19 20 21 22 23 24 25	26 27 28		Feb	
Mar	1 2 3 4	5 6 7 8 9 10 11	12 13 14 15 16 17 18	19 20 21 22 23 24 25	26 27 28 29 30 31		Mar	
Apr	1	2 3 4 5 6 7 8	9 10 11 12 13 14 15	16 17 18 19 20 21 22	23 24 25 26 27 28 29	30	Apr	5
May	1 2 3 4 5 6	7 8 9 10 11 12 13	14 15 16 17 18 19 20	21 22 23 24 25 26 27	28 29 30 31		May	
Jun	1 2 3	4 5 6 7 8 9 10	11 12 13 14 15 16 17	18 19 20 21 22 23 24	25 26 27 28 29 30		Jun	
July	1	2 3 4 5 6 7 8	9 10 11 12 13 14 15	16 17 18 19 20 21 22	23 24 25 26 27 28 29	30 31	July	5
Aug	1 2 3 4 5	6 7 8 9 10 11 12	13 14 15 16 17 18 19	20 21 22 23 24 25 26	27 28 29 30 31		Aug	
Sep	1 2	3 4 5 6 7 8 9	10 11 12 13 14 15 16	17 18 19 20 21 22 23	24 25 26 27 28 29 30		Sep	5
Oct	1 2 3 4 5 6 7	8 9 10 11 12 13 14	15 16 17 18 19 20 21	22 23 24 25 26 27 28	29 30 31		Oct	
Nov	1 2 3 4	5 6 7 8 9 10 11	12 13 14 15 16 17 18	19 20 21 22 23 24 25	26 27 28 29 30		Nov	
Dec	1 2	3 4 5 6 7 8 9	10 11 12 13 14 15 16	17 18 19 20 21 22 23	24 25 26 27 28 29 30	31	Dec	5

THE PRESENT CALENDAR

Everybody knows the vagaries of our present calendar. We have to have a new one every year. Nobody is ever sure until he has looked it up whether the first of the month falls in the beginning or the end of the week. Except for the calendar companies, it seems to work out to no one's advantage

MONTH	1st WEEK	2nd WEEK	3rd WEEK	4th WEEK	No 5th or 6th WEEK
	S M T W T F S	S M T W T F S	S M T W T F S	S M T W T F S	
Jan	1 2 3 4 5 6 7	8 9 10 11 12 13 14	15 16 17 18 19 20 21	22 23 24 25 26 27 28	
Feb	1 2 3 4 5 6 7	8 9 10 11 12 13 14	15 16 17 18 19 20 21	22 23 24 25 26 27 28	
Mar	1 2 3 4 5 6 7	8 9 10 11 12 13 14	15 16 17 18 19 20 21	22 23 24 25 26 27 28	
Apr	1 2 3 4 5 6 7	8 9 10 11 12 13 14	15 16 17 18 19 20 21	22 23 24 25 26 27 28	
May	1 2 3 4 5 6 7	8 9 10 11 12 13 14	15 16 17 18 19 20 21	22 23 24 25 26 27 28	
Jun	1 2 3 4 5 6 7	8 9 10 11 12 13 14	15 16 17 18 19 20 21	22 23 24 25 26 27 28	
Sol	1 2 3 4 5 6 7	8 9 10 11 12 13 14	15 16 17 18 19 20 21	22 23 24 25 26 27 28	PROPOSED NEW MONTH
July	1 2 3 4 5 6 7	8 9 10 11 12 13 14	15 16 17 18 19 20 21	22 23 24 25 26 27 28	
Aug	1 2 3 4 5 6 7	8 9 10 11 12 13 14	15 16 17 18 19 20 21	22 23 24 25 26 27 28	
Sep	1 2 3 4 5 6 7	8 9 10 11 12 13 14	15 16 17 18 19 20 21	22 23 24 25 26 27 28	
Oct	1 2 3 4 5 6 7	8 9 10 11 12 13 14	15 16 17 18 19 20 21	22 23 24 25 26 27 28	
Nov	1 2 3 4 5 6 7	8 9 10 11 12 13 14	15 16 17 18 19 20 21	22 23 24 25 26 27 28	
Dec	1 2 3 4 5 6 7	8 9 10 11 12 13 14	15 16 17 18 19 20 21	22 23 24 25 26 27 28	29 "YEAR-DAY"

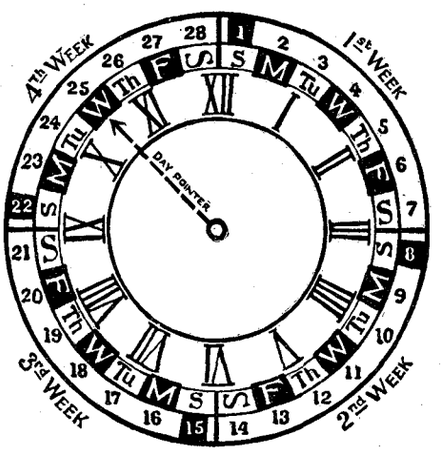
THE INTERNATIONAL FIXED CALENDAR

In the proposed calendar, every month will be like every other month. One day every year will have no week-day name, but will be called Year Day. Each of the present months will lose a day or so, and a brand-new month will happen between June and July

the figures are given in round numbers; actual cases are much more complicated; but the case is typical.

This sort of thing happens all the time in other businesses.

A weekly periodical gets a larger daily average of receipts on Monday than on any other day of the week. It charges its salaries and wages to Saturday and its other expenditures to Wednesday. In 1922, for example, there were four months in which there were five Saturdays, four months in which there were five Mondays, and four months in which there were five Wednesdays. But those months did not coincide. In January there was an extra Monday; so the periodical's income that month was disproportionately large. In March there was an extra bill-paying day. In April there was an extra salary day. In May there was an extra income day and an extra bill-paying day. In July there was an extra salary day and an extra income day. In August there was an extra bill-paying day. In September there was an extra salary day. In October there was an extra income day and an extra bill-paying day. And in December there



WATCHES AND CLOCKS AS CALENDARS

Under the International Fixed Calendar your watch or clock can show the date and day of the week. By a day pointer you can tell the time, not only by seconds, minutes, and hours, but also by days

was an extra salary day. This irregularity not only makes it impossible to compare one month with the next, but it also makes it impossible to compare the month with the same month in another year, for each year every month is different from the same month in the year before and the year after. Under these conditions what do monthly comparisons mean? Nothing. In some cases it means worse than nothing, for it misleads directors and confuses executive officers.

As a piece of business machinery the month is a joke.

If we had any other piece of machinery dating from Roman emperors that was as unworkable as the thing which we call the calendar month we should scrap it at once. In fact, we should not have it. We should have scrapped it long ago.

WHY is it then that we people of the twentieth century hold on to the present calendar month?

Is it because we think of it as part of the immutable processes of time? Is it because we think that the month is somehow mixed up with the moon? As a matter of fact it has very little to do with the moon. And even if it had a great deal to do with the moon it would not help matters much, for the moon has nothing whatever practically to do with our daily life. The sun provides our daylight, and it causes our seasons; but the moon marks no periods that are of any consequence. And even if it did, what period should we select? There are various kinds of lunar months—the anomalistic, the tropical, the sidereal, the nodal, each differing from the others. The moon is well called inconstant. We have forgotten the moon for a great many centuries and we can continue to forget it in making up our calendar.

If we wish we can make the month mean something.

IN fact a new form of monthly calendar has been devised. It does away with all the absurdities of our present calendar months. It has profited by the wisdom of Moses and the discoveries of modern science. It is designed to promote at once international good will and business efficiency. If adopted—or rather when adopted—it will make life easier for the masses of men. It will benefit women. It will add value to scientific study. It will tend to promote sensible and uniform religious observance. Most important of all, in the minds of practical people, it will save energy—and money.

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DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

This plan came out of the very practical experience of a railroad man. George Eastman, Chairman of the Board of the Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York, tells about this railroad man in a pamphlet entitled "Do We Need Calendar Reform?" This railroad man is Moses B. Cotsworth. While he was special investigator and adviser to the general manager of the Northeastern Railway he found it very difficult to explain the variations in increases and decreases of the net earnings of the company each month. Because of the variation in freight traffic during the week, the freight traffic being light over week-ends, and the variation in the number of days in the month and in the number of week-ends in the month, he had to make complicated adjustments. He therefore began to study the calendar. And in this study he found that the calendar had similarly unfortunate results in all lines of business, and on churches, and schools, and science, and the daily life of people generally. As a consequence he worked out a proposal which is known as the Cotsworth Proposal for Calendar Reform. After he had worked sixteen years on the subject a plan was under way to call an international conference in the fall of 1914. This conference was blown away with other things by the World War. Now at last the international movement has been renewed. The League of Nations has appointed a Special Committee of Enquiry, and although it has had 185 plans before it, and though it has run up against objections based on nothing better than tradition, and although it is not yet ready to announce a final opinion, this committee by its report has already made it clear that the advantages of this proposal are greater than those of any other.

From F. Edson White

President of Armour & Co.

WE believe that the inauguration of the Cotsworth thirteen-month international calendar will mean the simplification of accounting practices. This would be a great advantage when considering monthly figures on live stock, kill, sales, etc., as data could be more accurately indexed than at present, and comparison would be on same basis. Our accounting is based on twelve periods in the year, eight of which contain four weeks, and four of which contain five weeks. Laborious adjusting is needed to compare four and five week periods. It seems a logical step in the movement for business analysis, which, I think, is one of the outstanding needs in the industrial world to-day.

Chicago, Illinois.

Out of this proposal has come what is known as the "International Fixed Calendar."

According to this plan—

Every month will consist of twenty-eight days.

From Roger W. Babson

Founder of Babson's Statistical Organization and Chairman of the Board of the Babson Institute

I LOOK forward to the day when the Cotsworth calendar will be adopted by most nations of the world. My experience plainly points to many real advantages in this fixed thirteen months' calendar plan. It should appeal to almost everybody using statistics for business, financial, and economic problems. There is constant need, for example, for quickly comparing one month with another, and likewise for comparing the same month in different years. At present this latter cannot be readily done because of our faulty calendar. With the new calendar a part of statistical work ought to be fifty per cent more effective. The old saying is that comparisons are odious, and a chief reason for this is the irregularity of our calendar. This is constantly making statistical comparisons laborious, meaningless, or actually misleading. Moreover, remember that thirteen monthly settlements in the year would mean that money spent for rents, salaries, and monthly accounts would circulate nine per cent faster than it does now. Several business concerns among my clients are already using a thirteen months' calendar in their own accounting, and they tell me it works well. Both from experience and observation I can see wherein practically all kinds of records will be far more useful and far less costly when kept on the new calendar basis. I favor it heartily.

Wellesley, Massachusetts.

It will begin on Sunday like the week and end on Saturday.

It will thus consist of four weeks—no more, no less.

Every month of every year will be exactly like every other one.

Thirteen of these months will make up a year—

Except one day.

That extra day, inserted between the last Saturday, that is the last day, of one year and the first Sunday, that is the first day, of the next year, will be an international holiday—an extra Sabbath.

The new month will be inserted in midsummer, between June and July.

Every four years the additional day (which is now added to February) will be inserted between June and the new month, as an additional Sabbath.

Thus every Sunday of every month of every year will be either the first, the eighth, the fifteenth, or the twenty-second. Then when you say the nineteenth you will mean the third Thursday of the month. If somebody tells you that he will pay you something a month from to-day you will know precisely on what day he will pay you. When you pay rent you won't be paying more per day in one month than you are paying in any other month. If you are receiving a salary by the week and you are paying your bills by the month you will know each month just how much you can count on. If you are carrying on a business in which you settle your accounts monthly you will not have any month in which you will have an extra pay-roll to meet. If you have any calculations to make you can know instantly the number of days between any two dates. Election day, as now set for the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November, will always fall on the third of the month—unless election day is changed to Monday as it might well be, when it will always be the second. The advantages you will enjoy when this plan is adopted, as undoubtedly it will be, will not be merely personal advantages but also advantages which you will get in the common advantage of society. For example, it is estimated that by changing the circulation of money values from twelve times a year to thirteen times a year about two billion dollars will be released in Europe for business expansion, and in all countries about five billion dollars. This is in addition to the enormous saving made in getting rid of unnecessary labor now used in constant and unsatisfactory business adjustment.

From George Foster Peabody

Banker of New York, Retired

THANK you. I have been out of business over twenty years; so my advocacy of a thirteen months' calendar relates to my conviction that it will facilitate clear thinking in unnumbered directions, and thus make for greater service in all lines, not omitting religious.

Saratoga, New York.

INCIDENTAL to this change in length and number of months is the proposed change in holidays.

Easter will become a fixed festival.

Every holiday that now runs through the week according as the date falls upon one week day or another will inevitably fall on the same day of the week and can easily be made by law to fall on Monday and thus every holiday will be turned into an extended week-end with advantage to the people and with a financial saving to almost every line of

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business. If, for instance, we wish to keep Independence Day in July, then it will cease to be the fourth of July but become the second of July. If, however, we wish to keep it on virtually the same day of the year, Independence Day will fall into the new month. As July 4 will become Sol 17 and thus fall on Tuesday, Independence Day will then be shifted one day earlier and become Sol 16. (The name Sol, from the Latin word for sun, is chosen because in that month will occur the summer solstice). Thus every holiday from Christmas around to Thanksgiving will find its most appropriate Monday.

Suppose this new calendar were to be put into effect on the first of January, 1933, which, it happens, is the next year not a leap year to begin on a Sunday, then in place of January 29th we should have February 1st; instead of February 26th we should have March 1st, instead of March 26th we should have April 1st; instead of April 23rd we should have May 1st; instead of May 21st we should have June 1st; and instead of June 18th we should have Sol 1st. The first half year would end with Sol. 14th. That date would correspond to what we now call July 1st.

There is nothing unprecedented about such a change as this. In 1582 ten days were dropped out of the calendar, and as a consequence dates were changed. In 1752 England, which had been laggard in changing her calendar, dropped out eleven days. So for a time dates were designated by New Style and Old Style. We now celebrate February 22nd as Washington's birthday. We have forgotten that the day that he was born was called, when he was born, February 12th. An even more revolutionary change has been made in our own times in the Near East, for in Mohammedan countries there they have not only changed the date but adopted Sunday instead of Friday as their weekly holiday. What the Turks have done in our times and what our ancestors did in the eighteenth century it ought to be possible for us to do to-day.

At once the question may arise as to what will be said to this plan by those who believe that one day of rest in seven is enjoined by the Scriptures. Will not the injection of an extra rest day once in every year interrupt the even flow of recurrent Sabbaths? Those who take their Bible literally will discover that there is no occasion for alarm. They have a thoroughly adequate precedent in the calendar provided under the Mosaic law.

According to the Mosaic calendar there was an extra Sabbath injected every year. If Moses, or whoever finally drew up the Levitical law, did not find the injection of this extra Sabbath, the provision of a two-day Sabbath once a year, a violation of the commandment that man should rest one day in seven, no one else need be disturbed. Indeed, this new calendar really goes back to the principle that was established in the Old Testament. During the captivity and dispersion of the Jews this old calendar was forgotten. Nobody observes it strictly now. We shall be going back in principle to one important feature of the Mosaic calendar when we adopt the International Fixed Calendar with its Year Day inserted at the end of a thirteen-month year.

It is not always that religious tradition is seen to be so clearly a supporter of sound business.

Some day a month will have as definite a meaning as an hour, a day, or a year. When that time comes people will look back upon the twelve-month year as a time of incredible inertia. There are people in business even now who have adopted for their own purposes a year of thirteen months of twenty-eight days each. In spite of the fact that they have to do double accounting, since their customers and clients do business on a year of twelve so-called months, these concerns find that it pays. They save enough to make it worth while to keep two kinds of accounts. How much more should we all save if we adopted this sensible plan! Is it not time that business should insist on getting rid of a time measure that never was of any use?

F. H. A.

From E. W. Beatty

Chairman and President of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company

The economic advantages that would follow upon the general adoption of the proposed Cotsworth calendar are clearly evident. Business operation, and particularly accounting, would greatly benefit. And this must necessarily apply to railroading as being an industry in which rapid and informative accounting plays a large part. Another important effect of the proposed calendar reform would be found in the fixing of holiday dates. Many of the annual national and religious holidays of Canada are movable, and they are the less convenient of observance by the great mass of the people. Were these holidays fixed to occur on various Mondays throughout the year, they would be more generally taken advantage of and, being extended by the addition of the week-end rest, would provide considerably enlarged opportunities for rest and recreation.

Montreal, Canada.

From E. M. Statler

President of the Hotels Statler Company, Inc., owning and operating the Hotels Statler in Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, St. Louis, operating Hotel Pennsylvania in New York City; President of New York Hotel Statler Company, Inc.

To achieve the greatest benefits the Cotsworth International Fixed Calendar should be adopted by governments.

In line with the development of other economic reforms, the first step will have to be taken by cross-sections of the Nation's business represented by basic industries, the first step in this reform being their adoption of the International Calendar.

In order to exert pressure toward universal action, I favor the adoption of the International Calendar by the hotel industry because it would assist us in our efforts toward two fundamental characteristics of successful business—simplification and standardization.

Its adoption would simplify records for and calculations of payrolls, inventories, accounts, all items under the general term of rents, etc. It would simplify all monthly reports. It would regularize the work of the financial department, and therefore simplify their operations.

Its adoption would give us a time standard of great perfection, which would make possible standard-time production and financial series of very great importance to economical operation.

Hotel Pennsylvania, New York.

From Robert Dollar

President of the Dollar Steamship Company, Robert Dollar Company, Admiral Oriental Company, Dollar Portland Lumber Company, Canadian Robert Dollar Company

I am very much in favor of Cotsworth's plan of twenty-eight days in every month. All steamship interests have a great deal to do with the fixing of the week-day sailings of ships. We fix the day, but also have to state the date. By the new plan the sailings could be stated as first or second Saturday of the month, as the dates in every month would be the same. It would materially help in bookkeeping and time calculations. This would be following along the lines of Standard Time, Metric System, and other universal systems so beneficial to mankind. Those changes all take time to get into general use; but the world is rapidly moving towards improvement, and the day is gone when we can say because our grandfathers were satisfied so should we. On the start it would be necessary to get a few of the big nations to join in, then all would follow later.

San Rafael, California.

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Havoc in Cotton

Are the Government's Crop-Reporting Methods Leading the Country into Disaster?

By Aaron Hardy Ulm

TWELVE words at the tail-end of an obscure sentence in a statement put forth by the Bureau of Agricultural Economics of the United States Department of Agriculture in Washington caused the market value of this year's cotton crop to fall off—at least for the moment—to the extent of more than $75,000,000 on Thursday, September 15. The words were: "it is likely that prices will decline in the next few months."

A dozen simple but, in a sensitive market, highly charged words. They came from an agency of the Government which long ago assumed the prime burden of collecting, interpreting, and putting forth facts having to do with farm products. The Government's word, particularly as to cotton, is accepted as the most authoritative spoken. No other agencies have such access to facts, or undertake to gather them on such a scale, as do Government bureaus which trail the "fleecy staple."

But nobody can say, as this is written, whether the words which, as one of the newspaper reports said, caused "pandemonium to break out on the cotton exchanges," were truly authoritative.

The recent drop was reminiscent of the ones which occurred in the fall of 1926, when almost overnight the cotton farmers of the South saw the value of the crop they then were harvesting go off about a half billion dollars. And there was no recovery until practically the entire crop had passed from the producers' hands.

WORDS and figures out of Washington had a good deal to do with that collapse, one of the severest in the annals of cotton. And those words and figures were not on the whole authoritative. If they had been, the farmers of the South would have been saved at least a quarter of a billion dollars. For they sold at an average price of 12.3 cents a pound an 18,000,000-bale cotton crop that later proved to be worth 15 to 16 cents a pound. A cent a pound amounts to $5 a bale. Four cents a pound on 18,000,000 bales is $360,000,000.

The low prices that prevailed during the greater part of the last harvesting season were due mainly to inadequate collecting of facts by the Government agencies and to misinterpretation by them of information that was in hand. Final forecasts of domestic production were beyond the facts. Production abroad was considerably less than was forecast during the period of acute low prices. Overwhelming evidences of increase of demand, both at home and abroad, were virtually ignored. Emphasis invariably was put only on the bearish aspects of the situation.

The shortcoming was mostly the Federal Government's, or that of departments and bureaus which collect and dispense information about farm products. But of course some of the blame may belong to Congress for, possibly, not providing sufficient facilities for handling a job the prime responsibility as well as the burden of which had been assumed by the Government.

But the Government's facilities for handling the job are large. They are typified by the immense Bureau whose words set pandemonium going on the cotton exchanges recently. Those of no other agencies rival the Federal Government's in the realm of information concerning major farm products. For much of the information can come easily through no other channel. This part must be accepted or rejected—outright; there is no way of contradicting it. Hence the mighty bearing which Governmental bureau and departmental pronouncements have on the ups and downs of farm prices, particularly those of cotton.

Courtesy United States Department of Agriculture

The Federal Crop Reporting Board in session

ONE of those pronouncements preceded the crash in the fall of 1926. While of itself not exaggerated, inadequacy of other information caused a forecast of production to indicate a situation which did not exist and did not develop. The indicated situation was one of huge over-production.

But over-production was not great—

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a fact which, had it been discovered as it might have been and put forth promptly and emphatically by the Government would have prevented the collapse which for a time caused the entire South to tremble and all the country for a while to expect a general economic setback.

Little, if any, more cotton was produced in 1926 than in 1925, but considerably more was consumed. Yet the 1925 crop sold at an average price of 19.6 cents a pound, or $35 a bale above the average of the 1926 crop.

When picking was getting under full headway in the South last fall, the average grower could contemplate the paying off of his debts with enough money left over to assure him and his family a merry Christmas and a comfortable winter. A large cotton harvest was in prospect and prices were good.

Then came havoc. Early in October the Federal Department of Agriculture announced that the aggregate yield would exceed that of the year before. Since that yield had exceeded consumption, the forecast meant apparently the presence of an excess of supply for at least another twelve months. Gregory King's economic law went into effect with a vengeance; cotton dropped 5 to 6 cents a pound.

Later Government forecasts added more than 2,000,000 bales to the prospective yield. Prices did not drop correspondingly, as they should have done had the crash caused by the early October forecast been warranted.

Low prices prevailed, however, from the early part of October, 1926, until late spring, 1927. Then prices began to rise before anything definitely was known about the present crop.

JUST after the big crash occurred Secretary Jardine, of the Department of Agriculture, said:

"The people of the world need all the cotton that we can produce."

But a little while later his Department was giving out statements about "a burdensome supply of cotton" being "inevitable for the next twelve to eighteen months."

This view was held also by Department of Commerce folk who keep up with textiles; they could not see how consumption could equal the huge production.

Superficially, the facts seemed to warrant the conclusion. The preceding crop having exceeded consumption by 2,000,000 bales, it seemed only a mathematical certainty that a 2,000,000-bale increase in the 1926 production would bring about an enormous surplus provided consumption did not increase abnormally. The Lancashire mills had been brought practically to a full stop by the British coal strike and were otherwise in a depressed state. Manufacturers in this country were complaining about conditions and were getting together to bring about improvement.

Yet the mill consumption of cotton in the United States had increased fifteen per cent. Exports to the Continent of Europe indicated the biggest demand that had ever come from Europe as a whole. Japan was importing about double that country's usual takings of American cotton.

While there had been a carry-over of American cotton 2,000,000 bales larger than that of the year before, the world carry-over of all cotton had increased by only about 700,000 bales. Curiously, that fact, well known at the time, was never emphasized in the discussions of the "over-production" situation.

Moreover, the foreign production situation was mishandled atrociously.

Early in November the Bureau of Agricultural Economics said:

"Foreign production of cotton was greater during the last year than for any preceding year, but reports received so far indicate that total production in foreign countries this year will probably be somewhat below last season's."

Instead of being "somewhat below," it was, according to later announcements of the Bureau, 2,000,000 bales less, completely offsetting the increase in this country. That fact was not made known until far along in 1927, and, in so far as this investigator can find, has not been emphasized to date by any Governmental agency.

THIS doesn't mean that the bureaus in Washington did not take the situation seriously or do what they thought proper towards ameliorating conditions produced by the seeming over-supply which commonly, though not always officially, was estimated by them at around 5,000,000 bales.

All the Government took the situation seriously. A special committee was appointed by the President to devise measures of relief. This committee set up—on paper—machinery by which the farmers were to be provided loans at low cost on cotton kept out of the market. But no loans were taken and little cotton was held for possible higher prices by the farmers.

For the situation as defined "authoritatively" seemed to be an irretrievable one. No farmer was simpleton enough to believe that by holding he would conceal the existence of his cotton. It would

IN 1926 the cotton farmers of the South lost a half billion dollars mainly because of our Government's misinterpretation of facts inadequately collected. Last week there was a crash in cotton values of more than $75,000,000 due to the same cause. To the cotton farmers of the South these happenings mean disaster, and misery and want which are difficult to describe. This article explains exactly what our Government's agencies have had to do with these two crashes.

The cotton farmer—particularly the little cotton farmer—expects aid from the Federal Government. But he has never demanded a subsidy. He has been maligned by the agitators of the West because he did not grow vociferous in support of McNary-Haugenism. The Government aid which he expects is that complete and accurate information which will enable him to get for his cotton the price that his cotton is worth. The Crop Reporting Board is charged, along with some other branches of the same Bureau, with the duty of procuring and promulgating that information. From a simple statistical organization this branch of the Department of Agriculture has grown—or swollen—into a great bureaucracy of multiform activities. One of these, apparently, has been to guess, obscurely, what future prices will be. This was the activity which demoralized the market the other day and, as a result, has been squelched—apparently at the insistence of the President. But unless this is to be followed by a calling of the Bureau back to its real business, by a purging and a strengthening of the crop reporting machinery to the point of real efficiency, the Government will still fall short of performing the service for which the people pay.

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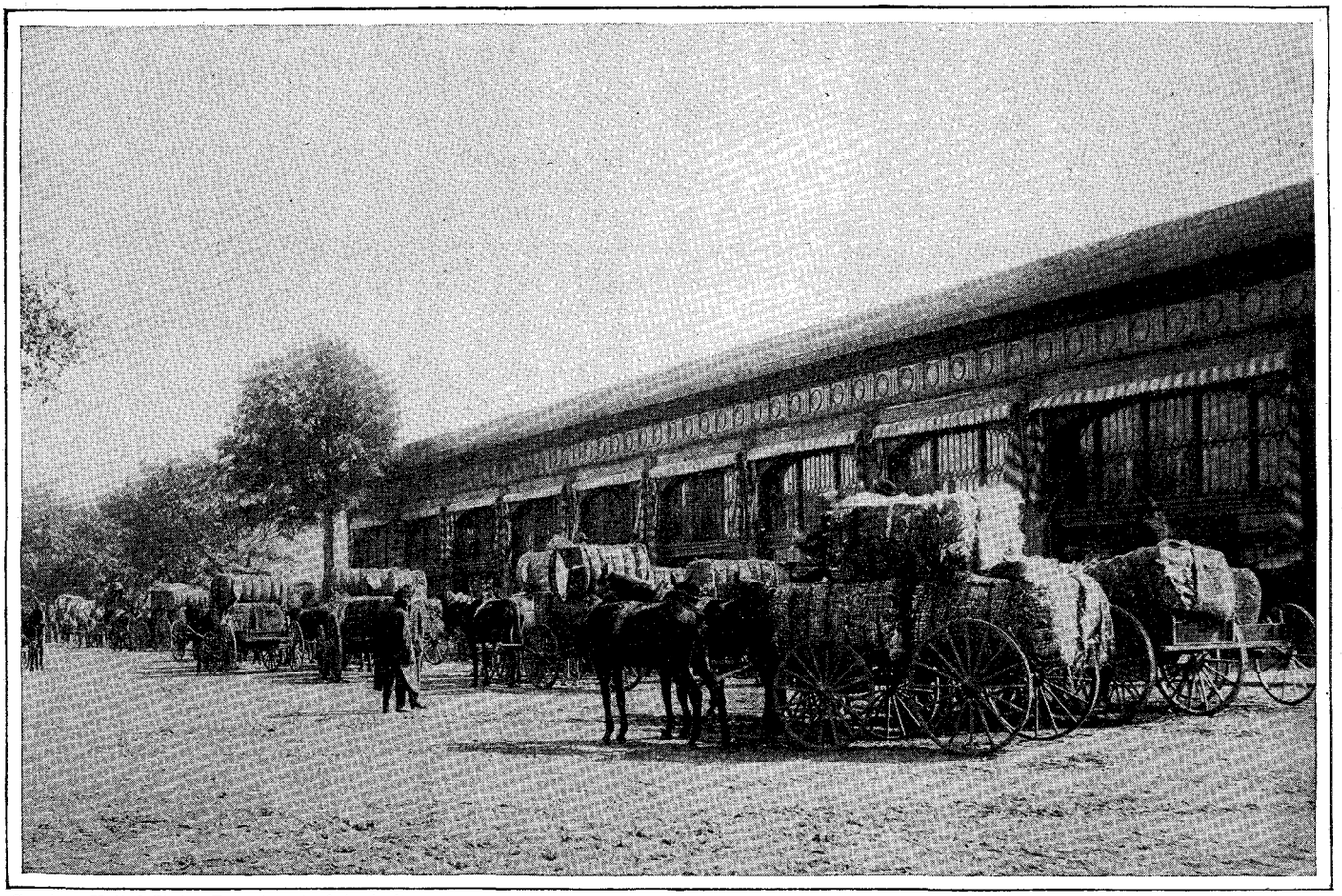

Courtesy United States Department of Agriculture

A year's work to the wagon

have to go to the market sooner or later. And holding is not an inexpensive practice. Storage and insurance charges and interest have to be paid; it takes a price increase of a cent or two a month to offset the expense.

And there was nothing in what the Government put forth to indicate that prices would rise much, if at all, until a short crop in the future brought readjustment. Governmental agencies argued only that holding would "stabilize" the market and prevent further declines.

Virtually all of those agencies seized on the situation as a peg on which to hang a lot of advice to Southern farmers about their own business. The Department of Agriculture worked out its "Safe Farming" program, which was emphasized in nearly all of its general discussions of the cotton situation. And the worse that situation could be made to appear, the more compelling seemed the advice poured upon the heads of Southern farmers by factotums in the Government.

But what the cotton producers needed, what the whole world of cotton needed as perhaps never before, was facts—complete facts promptly acquired, properly interpreted, and emphatically set forth by authoritative agencies.

The facts trickled in ultimately, as they always do, and had their proper effect—perhaps too much effect of the price-raising kind.

Even the mills of Lancashire took several hundred thousand bales more of American cotton than during the previous season. Germany's takings, totaling nearly 3,000,000 bales, were for the first time the largest of any country. Continental mills as a whole took more than ever before. Even those of Soviet Russia took nearly a half million bales of American cotton. Japan's takings increased forty per cent. Shipments to China and India, where American cotton met directly the competition of Oriental cotton, totaled a half million bales.

Some of the increase in exports was undoubtedly due to the low prices during much of the period when the bulk of the cotton was being marketed by producers; likewise some of the nearly a million bales increase in the American mill consumption.

But not all of it is soundly so attributable. For exports had reached the prewar average volume in both of the two preceding seasons, when prices ranged above 20 cents a pound. And a large proportion of the cotton sold by the producers during the period of low prices attained a primary market value of more than 15 cents a pound long before it was made into yarn or cloth.

Foreigners profited most. This was because of their heavy buyings when the prices were low. And they bought heavily no doubt because they had a clearer and more accurate view of the situation than the one which commonly was presented in this country.

This was true because in the American view the domestic trees obscured the all-world forest. The purely domestic situation was so unusual that no one apparently could believe that its abnormal features were offset by contrary conditions abroad.

Avalanches of figures on domestic production and consumption were put forth. They were gathered by an army of workers, chiefly in the Government's service.

But the Government left the gathering of information abroad to a few trade and agricultural commissioners, busy with many things, and to the slow-moving International Institute of Agriculture at Rome. The result was that the information received from the other countries was far behind that gathered in the United States, and by comparison was fragmentary only. Yet the foreign angles of cotton amount to one-half or more of all. One-third of production and two-thirds of mill consumption is ordinarily outside the United States. All

(Continued on page 125)

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What You Do When You Fly

By WALTER HINTON

EXCEPT for the third dimension, flying an airplane is no more difficult than driving a motor car. To bank your plane on a turn is no more difficult than turning a corner with your automobile. Since the day is not far distant when the airplane will be as much a part of our daily life as the automobile now is, Walter Hinton was asked to explain to Outlook readers just what you have to know and what you have to do to fly. Walter Hinton, it will be remembered, was the first man successfully to pilot an airplane across the Atlantic.

THE EDITORS.

LET us assume that you, reader, are one of the 2,000 civilians, men and women, now flying airplanes in the United States, that you have been granted a pilot's license after only six or eight hours spent in the air with a competent instructor, and that you now look upon flying as a normal operation, as simple in many respects as driving a motor car.

What? As simple as driving a car? Largely yes. You know your car, its engine, the rules of the road. With experience you have learned how to make turns, climb hills, and negotiate bad spots. You have your road maps showing each turn in the highway and all the various landmarks calculated to keep you on the route.

You watch your fuel supply and so schedule your run that you may reach a service station before exhausting your gas and oil. And if you are a wise motorist you will never set out on a long trip without first seeing to it that your machine is in the best possible condition. Flying is just like that.

Of course it has its own peculiar features. You fly in a medium having three dimensions instead of the terrestrial two—thickness, depth along with the length and breadth. You have realized this on your first flight and you understand that this third dimension is the element that makes flying different. You must go up to get anywhere and eventually you must come down, two features without parallel in surface transportation.

But you have been surprised at the ease with which you have mastered those apparently difficult feats, and you are tempted to give the builder of the plane most of the credit, also the man who so developed your engine that its excess power now assures you of certain control. You know it is no magic carpet, that it stays up because of the resistance which the air offers to the wings. The air packs beneath the lower surface of the wings and as your propeller forces them through it they are constantly lifted.

Nor must you be an acrobat. The designer and the builder have balanced your plane for you. With enough motor power to establish a continued heavy air resistance against the wings your plane remains balanced automatically. Thrown off balance by deliberate or ill-advised manipulation of the controls it tends to regain its balance after the controls are restored to normal, or flying position—providing that you are high enough to permit the machine to do this before it collides with the surface. No mystery there.

LIKE any motorist with his car you project a long trip—over land or water. You have learned that airplanes, like motor cars, differ. Each type is designed for a specific purpose. Each has its own peculiar characteristics, but all are governed by the same principles, the same natural laws. You should not overload your plane. You cannot make a light sport car serve as a delivery truck. Moreover, you cannot overload your plane safely, because it will lift only a certain weight, based on the power of the engine, shape of the wings and other technical features. So you choose for your long flight that machine which seems best fitted for the job. Let us say that your choice is a happy one.

Some fifty different materials have gone into this machine, as many skilled trades are represented in its construction. Your mechanics fill it with gasoline and oil, and unless you have an air-cooled engine, they must fill the radiator with water. You climb in, first making sure that the chucks are against the wheels, if it is a land plane. You switch on the ignition. Your engine is cranked either with a self-starter or by turning the propeller as you sometimes crank the engine of your car. The propeller turns. You warm the engine, the blocks against the wheels, assisted by humans holding the wings, preventing a premature start. Gradually you advance your throttle until the engine is making enough revolutions to lift your craft.

You throttle down again, test your controls, look in all directions to be sure you will not collide with another machine. A last glance at your instrument board: everything in order. You "give her the gun," head on against the wind to lessen the running distance on the surface.

ON the ground the controls have been neutral, save that the elevators hinged on either side of the tail have flopped down of their own weight so that they now resist the air stream. In this position the control stick in your cockpit leans forward. As your plane starts forth you do little or nothing. The plane acts of its own accord. But you must be cautious: you want your plane in flying position, the tail up and level. This occurs automatically as you gain speed; but you must exert a very slight pressure on the control stick to prevent the tail bobbing up and throwing your machine on its nose.

As the machine rolls forward gathering momentum the stick slowly swings back to neutral, straight up. By this you know the tail is level. At a certain speed, depending on the surface, the type of plane and its weight, you find yourself in the air. The ground recedes slowly. You watch it until you are sure that it is far enough underneath to permit a safe turn.

The turn is the thing: and here you are grateful to the pioneers and engineers and pilots who have evolved the present system of control, though the principles were invented by the Wright brothers and remain the same.

Like the tail and fins of a fish the plane has a rudder, in front of which is a fixed vertical fin to which the rudder is hinged. Both help you to change your forward direction. Sticking out sidewise like little wings are the horizontal stabilizers to which the elevators are hinged. They help to keep the plane from nosing up or down unless you steer it so.

Your wings are so built at an angle that they tend to keep your machine

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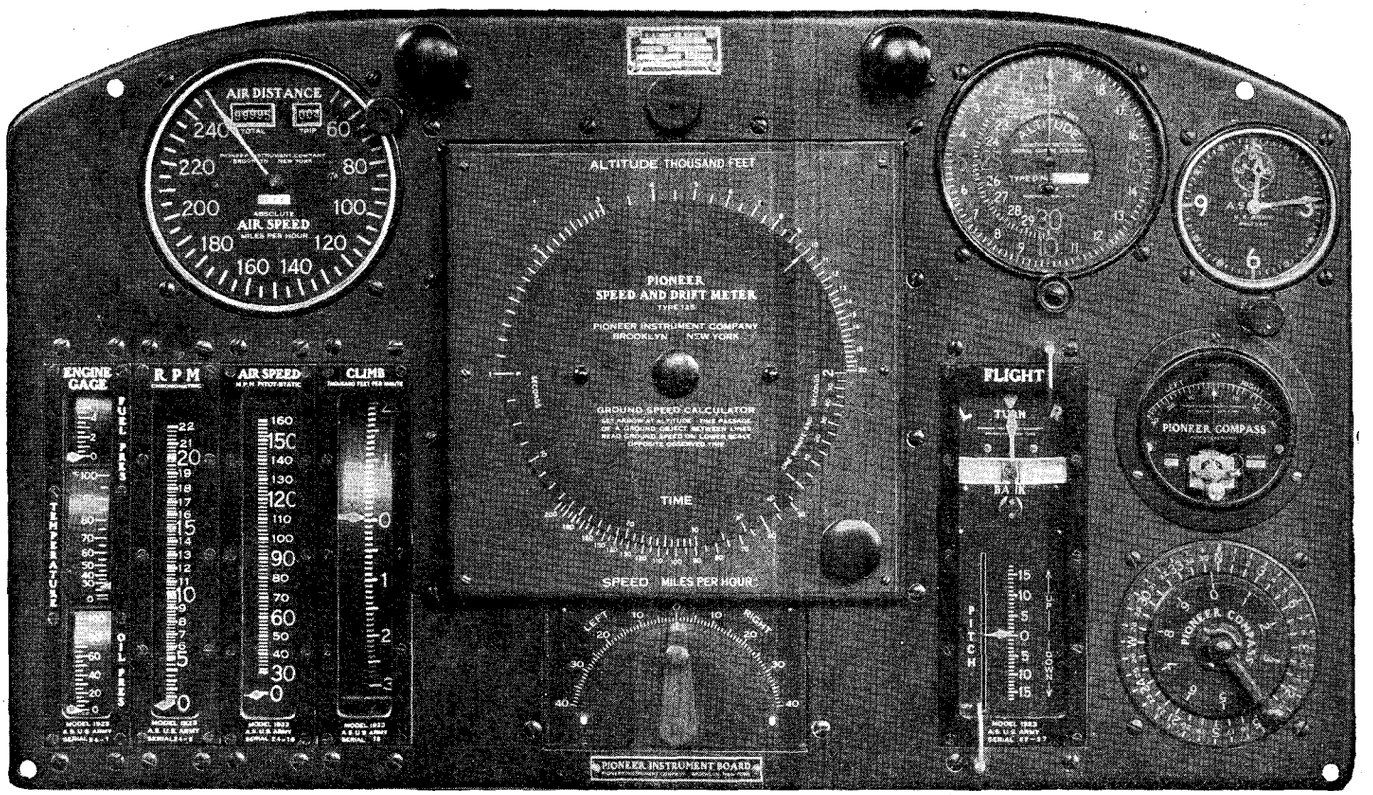

Courtesy Aeronautical Chamber of Commerce

EYES FOR THE PILOT WHEN THE EARTH IS HIDDEN FROM VIEW

The instrument board which faces the pilot. The instruments are arranged differently according to the size and shape of the board space, but nearly all instruments are necessary in any long flight

from tipping sidewise, but more important are ailerons, relatively small surfaces set in the wings on the outer rear corners, joined to the wings and moving up and down. The aileron on one side always moves in a direction opposite that taken by the other. You desire to turn to the right and circle the airdrome to make sure that everything is working properly before leaving your landing and repair facilities. To do this you must bank your plane on a turn.

You turn the rudder ever so slightly, to the right. This swings the tail. At the same time you move your control stick to the right, depressing the left aileron which, catching the air stream, lifts the left wing, thus tilting your plane and swinging the nose around the turn. You return both aileron and rudder to neutral during the bank, if you want to straighten out, and then throw them in the opposite position to resume your level position again. This is no more difficult than turning a corner with a motor car.

But how, inquire your friends, can you do all this at once, at a speed of from one to three miles a minute?

Bear in mind that you are a part of your machine. Thinking and operating controls are as simple as when you are driving your car. You use your feet, your hands, and your head. Experience trains you to use your head almost as involuntarily as you do in your car.

Your feet are on the rudder bar; a shove, very slight, with your right foot turns the tail to the right, with the left it has the opposite effect. The control stick between your knees is keyed up with wires or bars so that by moving it to either side you move the ailerons—on a right turn you move the stick to the right. In some planes you have a wheel set on a framework facing you (like the steering wheel in your car) and this rotated sidewise affects the ailerons, while wheel and frame are pushed back and forth to operate the elevators. You learn to do all this automatically before your instructor turns you loose on your first solo.

Now having circled the field you dart off on your course: again you are the watchful motorist. Directly before you is a board full of dials and whatnots—most confusing were it not for the fact that you learned to read them before you started to fly—the compass, the tachometer which shows the number of revolutions the engine is making, the thermometers for oil and water, fuel pressure gauge, fuel level gauge, oil pressure gauge, a clock.

An altimeter shows how high you are, the air-speed indicator indicates how fast you would be traveling were you at sea level and without any wind. Another instrument enables you to calculate your actual speed over the surface, still another shows how fast you ascend or descend.

You peer ahead. Clouds. How high? You will climb over them. But they are too high. You must go through or turn back, or go lower. You decide not to go lower for there may be rain, mist, or fog further on. In you go. Now you are in a strange element. The earth has risen with you to your altitude and in clear air you always have the horizon by which to tell how to keep on a level keel. Now your horizon has faded. Outside the plane there is nothing but mist. Without instruments you could not tell when your plane swerved sidewise or happened to tilt over. But instruments are there. You study a dial. A ball is off center, likewise a pointer. The ball indicates that the plane is tilted in a certain direction, the hand shows it is turning off to the right of the course. You kick your rudder, slightly, and move the stick to the left, until the dial registers normal.

Through the clouds. The sun has disappeared. You switch on your lights, on the wings and on the instrument board. Railroads, rivers, and valleys, which you have been following as a further aid to navigation, are now invisible. Your compass again. You may have any of several types of compass, some simple magnetic types or one of the new

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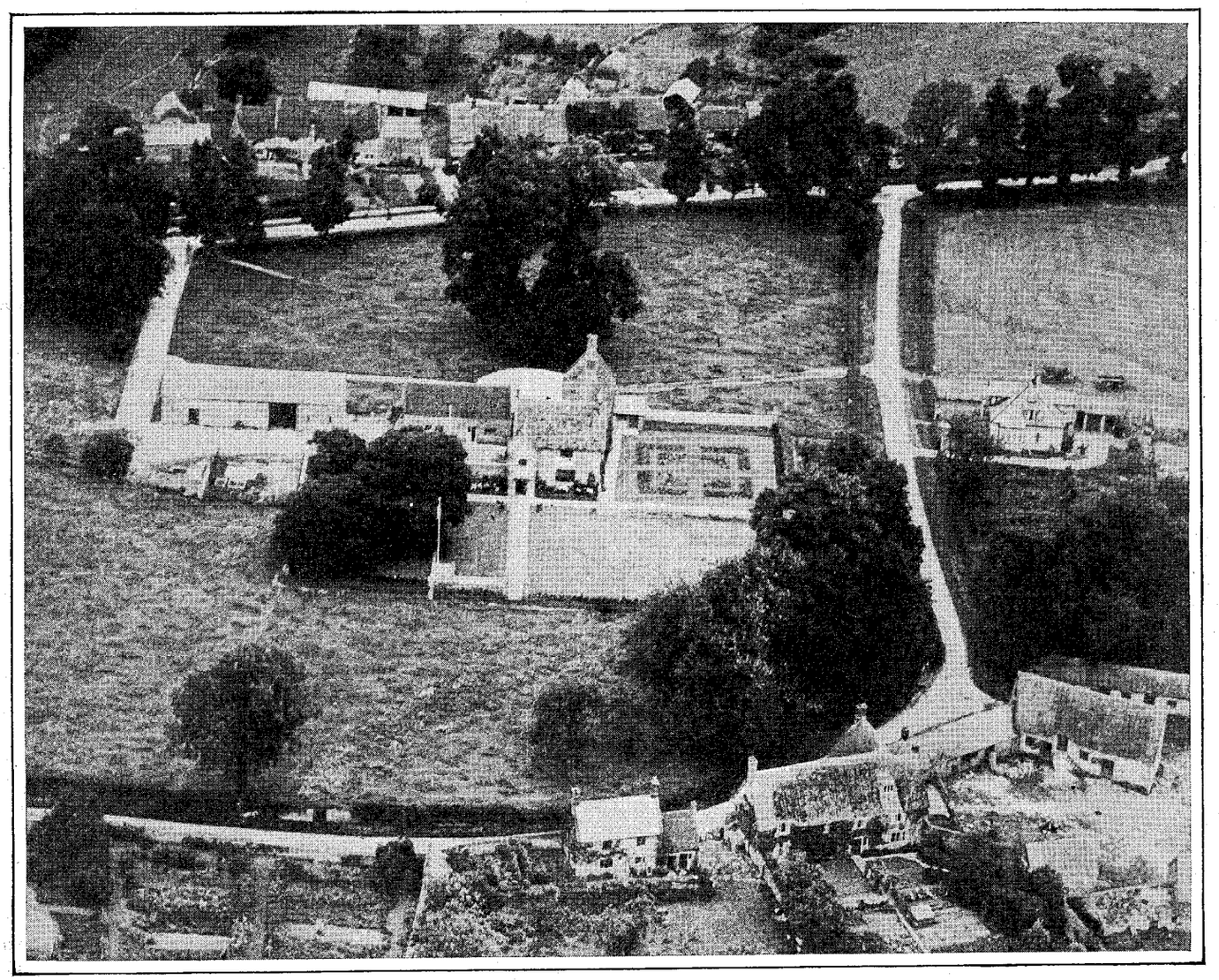

Central Aero Photo Co.

Flying an airplane is in three dimensions, but the view of the earth is in only one

devices with its system for enabling you to correct your course at regular intervals. Or you may have a radio and take your bearings with fair accuracy.

Overland you are sighting aerial beacons, but if you are trying to fly the Atlantic or Pacific, you must be an experienced navigator, a science in itself.

Daylight again—your goal lies only a few hundred miles distant. Your gauge records a dwindling fuel supply in the main tank. You turn on the emergency supply. You recognize a landmark noted on your map, a lighthouse, a railway junction, or in a modern community its name in big letters easily discernible from above. The route lies straight ahead. The weather is fair. You relax, eat a lunch; then if you are air-seasoned, you might reach for a book and thus relieve the monotony of uneventful flying, which is something no motorist at the wheel can do.

EVENTUALLY you must come down, the most difficult part of flying until you have practiced landings galore. You find your field, learn the direction of the wind and come down as you took off, against it, being sure to time your slow glide so you can level out and touch the field at the right place, affording your plane a clear, smooth runway on the ground. Practice has enabled you to judge accurately when to throttle down; pull back ever so slightly on the stick to put the wings more against the wind, like a duck landing on the water or a bird on land, and just before your wheels and tail-skid touch the earth at the same time, in a perfect three-point landing.

Rather involved? It all depends on your experience and your plane. Fast military planes have faster landing speeds than slow machines. A good field is important. In a small field you may have to side-slip to get to earth at the right spot; but this is one of those technical points similar to driving in crowded traffic. I have seen pilots come down three or four times and take off again without touching the ground, before they succeeded in reaching the point they required in order to permit a smooth safe runway. I know boys in their 'teens who fly regularly alone, putting their machines down in pasture lots and anywhere else that they may decide is a convenient place to land.

If you study flying as you study your motor car, you become adept at meeting any emergency. In the air you may cruise about at will, taking time to decide just what you want to do and how best to do it. On a motor highway you must act more quickly because of limited space with only two dimensions.

And remember, an airplane does not fall or crash to the ground when the motor stops. If it stops cold, which is a very rare thing, your plane will glide forward as long as the controls are in neutral position; meanwhile, you look for the spot which affords a safe landing, and you bank your plane in circles until ready to flatten out and glide into it; the danger here lies in losing your head and working the controls the wrong way, too close to the surface for a safe recovery when you discover your mistake. Motorists do that very thing, sometimes. Others drive cautiously, and therefore safely.

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Our Children and the Politicians

By WILLIAM McANDREW

IN summoning me to say a few words on schools and politics The Outlook knows that this sort of cloud shadows wander over our cities and that the Associated Press has given newspaper editors to understand that Chicago is in this kind of shade. Result? One hundred and eleven editorials on keep "politics out of the schools." Why?

Maybe it is because of the persistence of a good old notion that schools are for something better than politics.

We schoolmasters have been taught that American education began with laws establishing a school system as they said "to thwart that old deluder Satan and to bring up youth as the laws of God and of the Commonwealth doth require."

Those lawmakers of 1647 couldn't make their verb agree with its subject, maybe, but they labeled the schools with a moral purpose that sticks. Every book that summarizes, in 1927, the aims of schooling puts, in the front rank, character, conduct, ideals, behavior. I have never heard a man or child express his notion of schooling who did not imply that this design of two hundred and eighty years ago is still a prime purpose of public education.

But, "to bring up youth as the laws of the Commonwealth doth require" is politics. It looks to me as though it got a great push in the reshaping of our ideals in 1776. Whether Hamilton wrote it for him or not, Washington fathered the doctrine that "a plan of universal education ought to be adopted so that a government dependent on public opinion might have a public opinion enlightened."

Franklin had said more than twenty-five years earlier "we must have public education so that men will serve the country with honor to themselves and it." Madison and Monroe were for general education "to train the governors of a self-governing people." Jay called education "the training of the soul of the Republic." Oscar Hansen of Columbia University has just dug up over three hundred pamphlets, letters, and speeches of revolutionary times setting forth schemes of American education working out the ideas of statesmen, scholars, patriots; Benjamin Rush, Attorney-General Robert Coram, Chief Justice Nathaniel Chapman, College President Samuel Knox, Editor Samuel H. Smith, Lexicographer Noah Webster, Jefferson and his learned friend du Pont de Nemours, and many others. Hansen's book, "Liberalism in American Education," outlining these schemes leaves no doubt in your mind that the new nation intended to preserve itself by setting up a system of public schools to teach politics.

POLITICS in our schools is the last thing every good American wants. Children are our most precious possession. They are America's only real safeguard against the future. Nevertheless, according to William McAndrew, you could make a spot-map of the United States and show cities where the main obstacle to education is political school boards.

William McAndrew ought to know. For the last three years he has been running all Chicago's schools, backed by a non-political school board. Not till last August did the politicians "get him." Now he is out—and able to express his ideas. Twice ousted by politicians—once in 1891 and again in August this year.

—THE EDITORS.

Wide World

"Big Bill" Thompson, being sworn in as Mayor of Chicago for the third time

In the pre-Revolutionary schools you paid in proportion to the number of your own children in them. In the new system, everybody paid, whether they had children or not. Every State adopted the scheme. Part of every cent you spend for anything goes to the support of schools, not as a charity for Jones's children, not for their benefit, but as Thaddeus Stevens and Daniel Webster and every proponent of the free-school system promised, for union, for justice, for tranquillity, for defense, for general welfare—that is, for politics.

But all along there was retained the duty of thwarting that old deluder Satan and of bringing up youth as the laws of God doth require. John Adams must have public schools "to train men in their political duties as citizens;" Jefferson will have public schools "teach children what is going on in the world, now, and to keep their part going on right." At its first opportunity to put the doctrine into action the Congress decreed for its new territory: "Religion, morality, and knowledge being necessary to good government, schools and the means of education shall be forever encouraged." By the plan of its founders, by its being a public and not a parental expense, public school education is clearly devoted to teaching public morality and pure politics.

What Happened to Politics?

BUT, to the ordinary American, politics in the schools is as abominable as obscenity in a prayer-meeting. Something happened to an ancient and honorable word. *"Politika,"* said the Greek, "it means the prosperity of the state." *"Politicae,"* said the noble Roman, "that is the public business." "Politics," said the Americans in 1787, "means union, justice, tranquillity, defense, general welfare." But by 1840 Emerson was saying, "Who that sees the meanness of our politics but only congratulates Washington that he was laid sweet in his grave?" The last edition of gentle Peter Mark Roget's treasury of words, brought down to 1925, offers these foul-smelling ideas in one rank bouquet: chicanery, knavery, duplicity, jobbery, trickery, politics. You can get

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Orr in the Chicago Tribune

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The new teacher

a continuous wail over politics back through our present orators and writers to Richard Watson Gilder, George William Curtis, Henry Raymond, William H. Seward, Alexander H. Stephens, John Quincy Adams, Thomas Jefferson, George Washington, and Benjamin Franklin. Parallel with the great fear is a repeated confidence that the public school is the shining hope. The first generation visioned it in that long list of pamphlets reviewed by Oscar Hansen. In the next era, DeWitt Clinton promulgated it. Then Horace Mann shouted it; Webster glorified it; Henry Barnard kept it alive. Every president from Lincoln down has repeated it. The legislatures declare that the Constitution shall be taught in schools. "We, the people of Illinois, in assembly enact that American patriotism, the principles of the Declaration and Constitution, shall be taught in all the public schools." That's politics.

What hinders the schoolmaster from the spirit of the mandate? Politics: greed, love of personal power and prominence, selfishness, personal welfare in place of general welfare, servants cheating their masters, rake-offs on school supplies and school buildings, putting sons, daughters, and relatives in places to be paid by public funds, all bound round with a string called politics, whose manipulator is that old deluder. It is such a commonplace that you are ridiculed for repeating it.

You could make a spot-map of the United States and show cities where the main obstacle to education is school boards. You could put many white marks on towns where politics in the school board is so clean that it will not hire a resident as teacher because it wants no other condition of employment than efficiency. Your map will change from time to time like the skin of a guinea pig in the experimental room of a medical college. St. Louis, San Antonio, Terre Haute, Newark, Indianapolis, show white, one year, and yellow, the next. The Outlook once discovered school principalships in Philadelphia selling at a standard rate. Chicago promotions of teachers for three and a half years have been made on the statistical basis of the record of the candidate's classes in reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, and standard fundamentals as measured by some one other than himself. A rule of the Chicago Board required that every nomination for appointment or advance be accompanied by a list of all the persons who urged it and what they said. A school board and a mayor declared that the city hall would keep its hands off the schools. Paradise!

Schools, Politics, and Editors

THEN comes the election. A new city government, a new board of education. The country is informed that the city hall will take the schools. The remarkable circumstance is that newspapers, all of which expect the police, the waterworks, the civil service commission, to be officered by the incoming party, protest against any such change being made in the management of the schools. "If the Board of Education is going to convert the school system into an appendage of a political machine," says the "Post" editorial, "it had better turn the picture of Washington to the wall." "A school board," says the "Daily News" editor, "is under a moral obligation to keep politics out of school affairs." "It is," says the "Journal" editor, "reason for our city's chagrin that Dr. Suzzallo's denunciation of politics seeking to run the schools of Chicago, brought such vigorous applause from the National Education Association." "Time" records that "for three years the administration of Chicago schools has been unpolitical and extremely able. But political assassination of it is impending." The "Tribune's" editor expresses the belief that "the Chicago schools send out better prepared citizens than they did in years gone by, but that greed and ignorance is tossing the schools into the political jackpot." The New York "World" considers Chicago "a shocking example of what politics can do to the schools." The "Herald Tribune" says Chicago politics "is wrecking the schools." The Brooklyn "Eagle" sees "a combination of malice and falsehood resenting efficiency, intelligence, and decency in the conduct of Chicago schools and insisting that they should be run on a political basis for the benefit of politicians and their friends."

The Illinois Law ordains that the work of the schools shall be "a thorough and efficient common school education including American patriotism and the principles of its Government." A school board is a body politic charged with so spending the people's money as to secure the results indicated by law. When the "Daily News" asks the Chicago School Board why it doesn't decide on maintaining or replacing the present school management by ascertaining whether the children are worse or better taught than before, it plays the joker in the school game. Baltimore, Denver, Los Angeles, and New York had super-

(Continued on page 128)

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The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND PEARSON

Log of a Prima Donna

"GREAT fixity of purpose, absolute absorption in the task in hand, and a complete obsession concerning the duty to be accomplished have been the fundamental laws governing my career and life," writes Emma Eames, one of the greatest of American prima donnas, in beginning her "Memories and Reflections."[1] In short, hers was a New England mind. She belongs to Bath, Maine, by ancestry and upbringing, though born in a bungalow on Bubbling Well Road, Shanghai, "that leads to the Rain God's Temple," August 13, 1865. China proved unhealthy for the mother, who, with Emma and a brother 18 months older, left Shanghai in 1870, designing a residence in France. The outbreak of the war with Prussia spoiled that plan and a shift in the family fortunes sent the little girl to the care of her grandparents in Bath. Here she was in sternly Puritanical surroundings. Her grandmother even objected to her voice, wishing that it was "nice and lady-like like Jennie's (a playmate) instead of a great big one."

Incidentally grandmother "was a woman of great force of character, with a sense of humor, but a warped emotional nature," who "would have made an excellent wife for a warm-hearted understanding man with a strong hand," but who "married an icicle and a problem in Euclid." This hapless gentleman was of "the black, dour Scotch type," whose chief interests were "astronomy, mathematics in any form, and all things appertaining to politics."

In such surroundings the child was surely out of place. Nevertheless, she was far from being crushed. At fifteen she was singing in the choir of the Bath Swedenborgian Church where the cousin of an uncle by marriage, who lived in Paris, heard her render "Oh, for the Wings of a Dove" in such a fashion as to lead him to urge a musical career. He was a frequenter of the opera and knew a fine voice when he heard it. The uncle by marriage was General Thomas Hyde, head of the Bath Iron Works, who took up the idea and had influence enough with the grandparents to secure permission for the experiment. This consisted at first in a weekly trip to Portland, where her mother lived, and where she took her first lessons. All this while she was a High School student in Bath who worked prodigiously as only a Maine girl can, in the study of physical geography, political economy, chemistry, astronomy, natural history, English literature, and higher mathematics.

The brother had become a cadet at Annapolis, whence he graduated in 1882. Emma and her mother attended the ceremonies, and later, when the fleet visited Portsmouth, saw him on duty with Captain "Bob" Evans, who told her mother that Emma "looked like peaches and cream."

She now launched on her musical journey, going to Boston for instruction by Miss Munger, eking out her scanty means as a choir singer. She lost her place in a Baptist choir by bursting into unseemly laughter "at the sight of half a dozen bedraggled women in black water-proofs being dipped into a tank under the pulpit."

Professor Paine of Harvard became interested in her. She sang to illustrate his lectures on music, and was taught Delsartean poses by Annie Payson Call, to whom she acknowledges a great indebtedness. William Gericke, then leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, recognized her promise and taught her Schubert's songs. He also advised her to go to Paris and study under Marchesi. The mother borrowed enough money to make the venture. Reaching Paris she went into the presence of "Mathilde Grauman, of Frankfort, otherwise Madame Marchesi, of Paris." It will soon be perceived by the reader of the book that Emma did not love Madame who was not then ready to receive her, but advised a summer of repose. This advice was adopted, and the ordeal began in the fall. Then she found Madame to be "the ideal Prussian drill master, a woman of much character, and one to gain great ascendency over her pupils," who was "herself at her piano by nine in the morning every week-day, always perfectly and richly dressed, with never a hair out of place."

It appears that Madame played a favorite, who is often mentioned but never named by the author. It is easy to guess that this rival was Nellie Mitchell, better known to fame as Madame Melba. "She"—the unmentioned one—"remained with Marchesi only a year. Then she made her debut in Brussels, in the autumn of 1887. It would be impossible to imagine anything lovelier than she was both in appearance and voice. She did not attempt to act, for she had no gift, but her naivété and simplicity had their own charms in such rôles as Lakmé, Lucia, and Gilda."

With these kind words as a prelude Emma accuses the beautiful unknown of blocking her own debut in Brussels, and causing that important event to be delayed until it finally took place in Paris as a resounding triumph. Before this she had a contract at the Opera Comique at five hundred francs a month, but never sang. This embargoed her for two years, when she tore it up and sang Juliette for Gounod, with the result noted.

The morning after her success she called upon Marchesi:

"How did you come down here?" asked Madame.

"By tramway."

"What!" she exclaimed, "Mademoiselle Eames de l'Opera in a tramway! Do you mean to say you haven't a private carriage?"

"But I can't afford a private carriage. My friends all know what I make and I can't bear the thought of running into debt."

"Her answer," records her pupil, "which was most characteristic of her, was: 'Well! When one is as beautiful as you are one should be able to have everything.'" Emma's grandmother, be it noted, did not share this view of beauty. "My grandmother," she writes, "once told me that I had eyes like a pig, a nose like the prow of a ship, and a receding chin, and that no one would ever love me for my looks, and, as a result, I was never afterward able to disabuse myself entirely of this impression."

Soon after she was honored by a call in her dressing room by Albert Edward, then Prince of Wales. When the knock came on her door and his name was announced, she was intensely concentrated upon the business in hand and replied: "He must wait."

To this she heard him echo: "Of course I'll wait."

This did not prevent their becoming friends on a basis of mutual respect. As

[1] Some Memories and Reflections. By Emma Eames. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $5.

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Wide World

Emma Eames

Prince and King he helped her much in England.

From that time on the prima donna's path was one of glory. It need not be retraced here. Her marriage to Julian Story was an elopement, in so far as she disregarded her mother's wishes, and she and her mother were parted for nine months. The willful young lady had her way from this time on, in all things. The painter should have been a model husband for the singer. He helped her dress and was not bothersome. The Puritan, however, ruled the vocalist.

She early determined to retire from public singing at forty, and actually did so at 43, helped to this conclusion by a thrilling experience in the San Francisco earthquake.

It will surprise some readers to learn from the singer that, as the result of an accidental fall from a carriage, when but 25, she has never since endured a day without pain. D. C. S.

History

A HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By Hilaire Belloc. **Volume II. Catholic England: The Early Middle Ages A.D. 1066 to 1348.** G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $3.75.

Mr. Belloc is perhaps the most readable and interesting writer now at work upon this subject. His intense preoccupation with ecclesiastical history is a possible defect, or at least a peculiarity, of his work. His own view-point of a Roman Catholic should be noted, but it can be discounted. He is eminently fair-minded. He does not fear to make history human. Some of his men suddenly stand out in his pages. Here is William the Conqueror: "A man short, rather bald, round-headed, clean-shaven, very vigorous, perpetually in the saddle; of strong judgment but temper almost as strong, with long purpose, and tenacious will, and the appetite for order of his race."

And Henry II, in the days before his struggle with Becket: "See him moving feverishly about, restless in gesture, impatient, desiring quick Masses of his chaplains and short meals of his cooks: with scant tufts of red hair on a pate nearly bald, prominent but keen eyes, glancing everywhere, observant; ready for anger."

Books for Children

THE MAGIC PAWNSHOP. By Rachel Field. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

An enticing book this, with its brilliant cover and occasional gay decorations in color by Elizabeth McKinstry, though its humor and fancy are in part of a kind more comprehensible to grown readers than to their juniors, who cannot be expected to follow its fanciful allusiveness. Children will doubtless enjoy the tale because its contains magic, romance, and a nice little girl; but it is related with one eye cocked for the smile of the adult listener.

In the matter of pretty Rose Martha's pawned conscience, too, while the assurance is general that consciences should never be pawned at any time, as they shrink and shrivel when separated from their owners, still, there is a certain tawdriness in the visit to a costume ball with the wrong man, which scarcely seems chosen in quite the best of taste for children, as the occasion for Rose Martha to pawn hers—not even though "Mr. Kit" with the dying conscience in a bird-cage in one hand and the sword of the reckless Kit Marlowe in the other, pursues her, defeats (and spanks) his supplanter, and restores it.

THE REGICIDE'S CHILDREN. By Aline Havard. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.

A well-told tale, one that should please both boys and girls, for Hal and Kitty, children of Colonel Vane the regicide, are equally brave and likable. The author has taken the justifiable liberty of adding a fourth regicide to the three who hid in Judges' Cave on West Rock at New Haven and for whom three diverging roads—Goffe, Whalley, and Dixwell—were named. Moreover, she makes Colonel Vane a cousin of that Sir Harry Vane of whom Cromwell exclaimed, "Oh, Sir Harry Vane, Sir Harry Vane; the Lord deliver me from Sir Harry Vane." It all fits in, and the glimpses of Hartford Puritan life under James II are quaintly enjoyable. Even in the time of that disagreeable monarch a regicide was in serious danger in New England. How his children and the all but rebellious colonists strove to save him, helped by Indians, makes a lively narrative.

A TREASURY OF TALES FOR LITTLE FOLKS. Selected by Marjory Bunce. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. $3.

Thirty-five stories, many of them familiar, most of them famous, all of them good, which any normal youngster will love—and if he has loved some of them already, will love all over again because of the pretty color plates and many spirited line drawings by Honor C. Appleton and Nora Fry. The volume opens with our ancient friend Henny Penny and includes representative tales of different countries, including England, France, Germany, Denmark, Russia, Italy, Japan, Arabia, and India.

Games and Amusements

IS THAT SO! By Oliver D. Keep and Associates. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.

WHO AND WHAT. A Book of Clues for the Clever. Edited by Samuel Hopkins Adams, in association with many prominent people. Boni & Liveright, New York. $1.50.

The first of these is one more questionnaire book, with the difference that the answers are arranged more conveniently than in the earlier ones, and that some bit of information relating (sometimes distantly) to the question is given with each answer. This is just thrown in, without extra charge, to pamper the appetite for information which is now rampant.

The second, "Who and What," is something very different, and after the many question books, quite a refresher. It is said to be like a game called, in olden days, "Shedding Light," and has been known in more recent days as "Blind Biographies." It consists of descriptions of persons or objects in language so disguised as to make it more or less difficult to guess what is meant. Here is one, by Will Irwin,

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which Mr. Adams says has baffled almost all on whom it has been tried. (This seems strange to us. We guessed it, half-way through, and our I. Q. is by no means high.)

I was the richest man of my time and nation, but few remember it. I was a mighty athlete but no records testify to my prowess. My fellow countrymen see my picture daily, yet nobody knows what I really looked like. The most voluminous writer, the most influential spirit of my time and country, I attained print with very few of my compositions and glory with none. Though liberal rather than parsimonious, I could make a dollar go farther than any contemporary.

Here is another, by Maurice Hanline. It is of a different kind:

I came into the world only to be jeered at and sneered at by all the doctors in the case. They advised my mother that I could scarcely live two weeks, and here I am at an age which none of my contemporaries have ever attained. This is attributable, no doubt, to my peculiarly mixed parentage, as I stem from two of the most sturdy and prolific races of the world. Despite the fact that night life in New York is considered unfavorable to longevity, I have attained my unprecedented age at its very heart and have sent forth sturdy offspring to all parts of the country.

The game has set us to making up one of our own—and here it is. It is derived from another book of which a note was being written to-day:

For ten years the mighty and famous ruler of a great country, I spent only six months in that country. A warrior and athlete, perpetually in war and undergoing hardships, I was almost a life-long invalid, and had once to be carried into battle lying on cushions. I was the most picturesque and romantic figure in a great and romantic age, and innumerable legends cluster about my name. Like Haroun-al-Rashid I sometimes went in disguise, and was captured by my enemy, while disguised as a servant. I was killed in a trifling fight which arose over a golden ornament, but lived long enough to forgive and set free the man who slew me. After my death, my sister took this man and had him flayed alive.

Humor

EPIGRAMS. Wit and Wisdom in Brief. Edited by Walter Jerrold. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. $1.75.

A large collection of rhymed epigrams on various subjects. Nearly all English in origin. The author is not mentioned—is he not known?—of this, on Sir Walter Scott's poem about Waterloo:

On Waterloo's ensanguined plain,
Full many a gallant man lies slain;
But none, by bullet or by shot,
Fell half so flat as Walter Scott.

The anonymous epigram on the Enclosure Acts is too good to perish. The version which we have heard is, we venture to think, superior to that given by Mr. Jerrold, and we quote it here:

They put in jail the man or woman
Who steals the goose from off the common.
But turn the greater rascal loose
Who steals the common from the goose.

Notes on New Books

LANES O' LADLAND. By John J. Eberhardt. The Goldsmith-Woolard Publishing Company, Wichita, Kansas. $1.

Poems in what is supposed to be boy language. The author proves that the effect of Riley's ballads cannot be attained by writing lines like "Cause you're jes e'zactly." Mr. Wood's illustrations are good.

HEIDI. By Johanna Spyri. Illustrated by Constance Whittemore. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. $2.50.

A handsome holiday edition of this always popular book for children. Miss Whittemore's illustrations in color are simple and beautiful.

DOG CORNER PAPERS. By William Whitman, 3rd. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.50.

Very brief essays from Houghton Mifflin's monthly bulletin, "The Piper."

STUFF AND NONSENSE. By Don Rose. Donald F. Rose, Bryn Athyn, Pennsylvania. Gift Edition, $2; Popular Edition, $1.

Humor in brief bits of prose and verse. The essay on the mouse trap is a pleasing example of the light essay.

THE LITTLEST ONE: HIS BOOK. By Marion St. John Webb. Illustrated by A. H. Watson. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. $2.

Another book of poetry about children, with some of the verses in children's language. Mr. Milne's "When We Were Very Young" seems to be the inspiration. The pictures are excellent; the verses merely show that Mr. Milne's is a genius almost unique.

BRAVE DOGS. By Lilian Gask. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. $1.50.

Stories for children about dogs. Illustrated. A good Christmas gift.

Books Received

SECONDARY SCHOOL CURRICULA. By Willis L. Uhl. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50.

JESUS AS A PHILOSOPHER AND OTHER RADIO TALKS. By Herman Harrell Horne. The Abingdon Press, New York. $1.

TO KNOW HIM. By M. S. Rice. The Abingdon Press, New York. $1.

THE MODELMAKER. Edited by W. Edmunds Spon. Vol. III. Spon & Chamberlain, New York.

THE APOCALYPSE OF JESUS CHRIST. Vol. I —**John to the Seven Churches.** By William J. McKnight. Hamilton Brothers, Boston. $3.

AN INTRODUCTION TO PSYCHOLOGY. By John J. B. Morgan and A. R. Gilliland. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.60.

FIVE OUTSTANDING BOOKS of the YEAR

THE RISE OF AMERICAN CIVILIZATION

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Illustrated by Rollin Kirby

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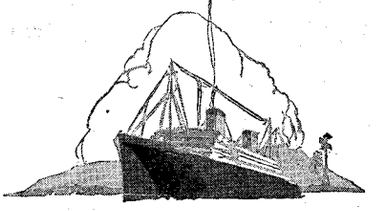

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Temples of the Truth

IN connection with the controversy about religion and Mr. Bush's comments thereon, as it appears to me, the whole trouble grows out of the fact that religion, whether Jewish, Christian, or Mohammedan, consists of both truth and error, yet neither side perceives this, and then exercises the proper and necessary discriminations.

Take either of the current religious concepts and then question: Is it all true? or all false? or partly true and partly false?

The answer must be, indubitably, the last. And, therefore, logically and rationally, what the error, for elimination? and, what the truth, for preservation?

The simple but indubitable fact is that the universe is necessarily an eternal thing; and therefore, and as a matter of course, it was never created. And hence, therefore also, and as a like matter of course, all of that in the current religious concept which, whether directly or indirectly, is based upon the creation-Creator hypothesis, is necessarily error. While, on the other hand, all of that in the concept which consists of what is known as to right and wrong in human conduct—the right to be found out and done; the wrong to be found out and avoided (the undisputed moral precepts, and which "have been known for thousands of years")—constitutes the truth of religion.

My concept is that through elimination of the error of religion, all of the religious structures shall be converted into temples of the truth, pure and simple, instead of being continued and maintained as temples of error, which all of them are now, and ever have been, in part. W. R. STOKES.

St. Paul, Minnesota.

Facts and Christianity

THE writer has always been a hero worshiper, and possibly the reaction of maturer years is what has led to the devoting of an envelope to clippings of weak things said by the great.

Now, to the names of Roosevelt, H. G. Wells, etc., can be added the name of Irving T. Bush, for his article in The Outlook of August 31: "A Business Man's View of Religion."

How a man of his great ability and fine character should permit his views to be given on so great a subject is hard to comprehend.

Why not express himself on geology or botany, that is assuming that he has the average man's knowledge of these things.

He refers to his boys being taught in "the old school" from "Jonah" to "The Immaculate Conception." "The Immaculate Conception" is not a part of Bible teaching, but the recent theory of one large Church as to Mary, the Mother of Christ.

His article ignores the great facts on which the Christian religion is founded. He ignores the fact of sin, and the need of a Saviour. He decries many of the practices of Christianity, but sin in the hearts of many so-called Christians does not destroy the truth of Christianity. He decries dogma; so does the writer when it is spun out and made the cause of divisions in the Church, but he has dogma as to his own belief, and there is no belief without dogma.

The writer, a layman, has had for 40 years a special interest in the Bible and in religious subjects, and after all of this time, it practically all comes down to a simple proposition of belief in God, the Creator, and in Christ, the Saviour. That is God manifest in the flesh revealing the Father and His love to mankind. These facts fit all time.

If Mr. Bush really knows the Bible, he must see that Christ is the fulfillment of very many prophecies and if Christ be studied, he must see Him as a supernatural being. We cannot just explain it any more than explain countless things around us, but it works, and has satisfied the hearts and minds of great numbers of the world's brainiest men. What works? Why, an unprejudiced consideration of the claims of Christianity and the exercise of just such faith as is used every day as to things material.

Many men have accepted Christianity through a study of the evidences as to the Resurrection of Christ. So a sympathetic study of the Bible convinces one of its being a supernatural book whose beauty and richness cannot be exhausted in a lifetime. These things are facts.

Another great fact is the experience of the Christian. Romans viii. 16, "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God." For a true miracle, witness the conversion of drunkards and dope fiends. The writer has heard many testify that they had lost all will power, but when Christ came into their hearts, a supernatural power was given them.

In the language of Romans viii. 2: "The law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death."

Christ in the heart saves from the penalty of sin and also from the power of sin now. The distinct originality of Christianity lies in the fact that it enables man to do what others fail to do.

Ah! the trouble lies in the will and we are not willing to pay the price of a surrendered life.

One thing all honest men must admit and that is that the unselfishness of true Christianity, if general, will save this old world from the fate of Greece and Rome and stop the disintegrating forces that many see to be at work.

CHARLES W. COGGINS.

Baltimore, Maryland.

Circulating Pictures

I WAS much interested in your "discovery," as explained in The Outlook for August 10, that it is more profitable for artists to rent their pictures than let them accumulate in dust-covered piles in hope of a sale.

The Philadelphia Art Alliance has something of the same plan in successful operation. The Art Alliance is an association of artists and art lovers whose aim is to stimulate the love of beauty in Philadelphia and incidentally to sell the artists' work. We have continuous exhibitions of paintings, sculpture, or handicrafts which are open to the public free of charge. For our members we have much music and frequent talks on literary and artistic subjects. We have been co-discoverers with yourself of the idea that artists should not wait for the public to come and buy their pictures, and the outcome of this discovery is our "Circulating Picture Club." Any person in Philadelphia, whether or not a member of the Art Alliance, may belong to the Club on the payment of ten dollars annual dues. He will have the privilege of inspecting a large number of pictures which have all been passed by a competent jury, of selecting any one he likes, taking it home, and keeping it for a month, with the privilege of renewal or purchase. The

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Club is growing, and we are getting sales. We have also a traveling collection of pictures which we send anywhere on guaranty of expense and protection. We have also a circulating library of rare music as well as one of books relating to art and music.

My job in the Art Alliance is to edit its Bulletin, and it is one which keeps me in constant touch with its many activities.

IMOGEN B. OAKLEY.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

We append the regulations of the Philadelphia Art Alliance showing how pictures may be borrowed:

REGULATIONS FOR BORROWING

1. The pictures may be borrowed by members of the Circulating Picture Club only.
2. During the year each member may borrow twelve paintings or twenty-four etchings, although only one painting or two etchings may be borrowed at one time.
3. Membership in the Circulating Picture Club is open to members of the Art Alliance and to members of the Pennsylvania Museum, and to others who may be recommended by either group.
4. Membership shall be ten dollars per year.
5. Application for membership may be made at the Art Alliance or the Pennsylvania Museum at any time.

All the pictures will be for sale at prices ranging from $5 to $500, and may be paid for in installments, but the borrowing of a picture incurs no obligation to buy.

Contributors' Gallery

WALTER HINTON, as Lieutenant-Commander in the Navy, piloted the naval seaplane NC-4 across the Atlantic in May, 1919, the first airplane to make the transatlantic trip. His last contribution to The Outlook was an appreciation of Colonel Lindbergh's flight and its meaning to aviation.

HERBERT REED is an authority on most amateur sports and for years has written about them. For some time he covered sporting news for the New York "Evening Post," under the name of "Right Wing." He now writes for the New York "American."

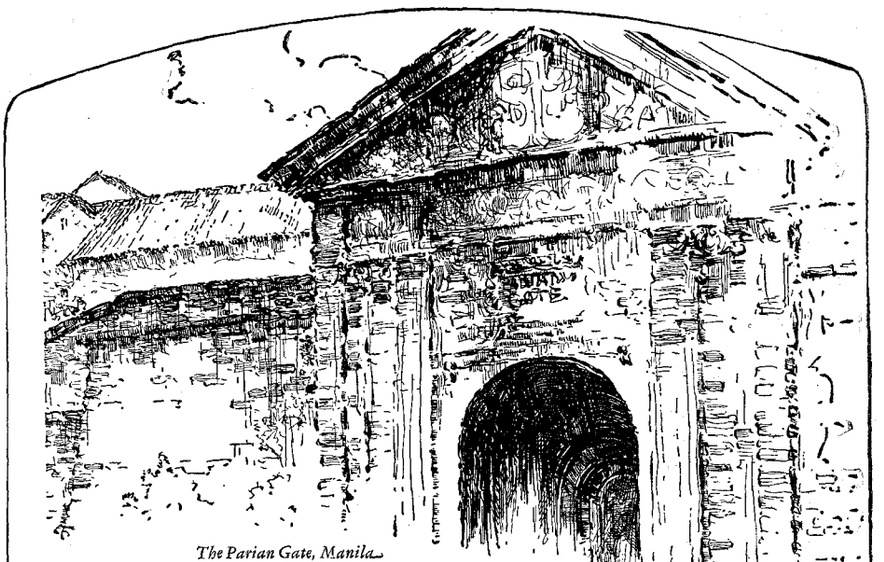
FOR forty years William McAndrew has been connected with education. As is stated in connection with his article, he has twice been Superintendent of Schools in Chicago, each time being forced to resign by politicians.

Havoc in Cotton

(Continued from page 115)

are interrelated, for cotton is the most international of farm products.

Even some of the Government's domestic pronouncements anent the last crop were woefully wrong. Actual production, for instance, was 600,000 bales less than forecast in the final estimate put forth by the Department of Agriculture. That, however, may be excusable; but the inadequate handling, even the mishandling, of foreign information on the subject was not.



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COMPANIONABLE housekeeper, woman of refinement, would like position where one maid is kept; capable, economical, and with highest references from present employer, who is going abroad. Address Miss Wilburn, Rockhurst, Marius St., Kingston, N. Y.

COMPANION and housekeeper for elderly or business people, near Boston, November to April. Educated American Protestant, good health, good family, forty-six years. Owner and manager of summer tea room. Would enjoy doing much of the work. Pleasant environment preferable to high salary. References exchanged. C. C., East Dorset, Vt.

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YOUNG woman with two years' experience in office of a pediatrist, also teaching experience, desires position as companion to child. Competent to take full charge. Highest references. 8,048, Outlook.

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TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

WIDOW, unincumbered, between 40 and 50, of education and refinement, seeking pleasant home and congenial companionship in suburban town, willing in exchange to look after small cottage in absence of owner, who is a business woman and widow. Must have unimpeachable references. 8,054, Outlook.

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Financial Department

Conducted by WILLIAM LEAVITT STODDARD

The Financial Department is prepared to furnish information regarding standard investment securities, but cannot undertake to *advise* the purchase of any specific security. It will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, and a nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special service. The Financial Editor regrets that he cannot undertake the discussion of more than five issues of stocks or bonds in reply to any one inquirer. All letters should be addressed to THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 120 East 16th Street.

Is Capital Sacred?

THIS is not as revolutionary an article as the title might suggest, though to some ultra-conservative minds, particularly in our older and richer communities, like Boston and Philadelphia, the thesis may well sound Bolshevik.

Over a year ago a lady entered the office of the trust company which manages her affairs for a heart-to-heart talk with her favorite officer. (The lady is on toward her sixties and has an income of some $3,000 from her own capital). In the course of the conversation it developed that she wanted to take a trip across the continent to California but found that her income was insufficient for that purpose. She had estimated the cost over and above her regular living expenses at about $500.

"I have never been West," she said. "I have a lot of friends out there whom I have not seen for years. We are all getting old. It seems as if this was the time to meet once more before we die."

"Well," said the bank officer, "why don't you draw on your capital to do it? It is not restricted by any trust deed. It is yours to use as you please."

"What!" exclaimed the lady. "*Spend* my capital? Why, I wouldn't think of such a thing. I am surprised at your suggestion."

Before answering her the bank officer sent for a statement of her account and with that before them on the desk proceeded to outline his argument as follows:

In the first place, to take $500 out of capital would reduce income by about $30 a year. On the basis of a $3,000 annual income for one person the loss would not be serious.

In the second place, the capital fund from which it was proposed to take this $500 had shown an appreciation of about 6 per cent in the last two years. The spending of $500 out of this appreciation would still leave the fund larger than it was at the outset.

In the third place, the children of the owner of this property were grown up and in comfortable circumstances so that the difference of a few hundred dollars in their mother's estate would be of no consequence to them.

"But," protested the lady at this point, "I have been brought up to believe that one's capital is sacred, that one should never touch it. Once you begin to spend it, you might get the habit, and in the course of time nothing would be left!"

The bank man settled himself well into his chair before replying. This, he knew, was the nub of the whole matter.

"My dear lady," he said, "I agree and I don't agree. Let us examine the situation thoroughly. As I have pointed out, to use $500 of your capital will not reduce your capital below what it was a couple of years ago. Your question is, 'Is it not bad policy to spend my capital? Is not capital sacred?'"

"Yes," said his customer, "that's just it."

"Capital," continued the bank man, "is money. It is built up out of money earned; in other words, out of income. You may not have earned the money, but some one did. Instead of spending it for living expenses, he invested it and thus made it earn more money, which is considered income and hence may be spent. The theory of the sacredness of capital is that once income is *called* capital, it should be inviolate."

Without doubt this is a useful and practical theory. If we spent our capital indiscriminately, it would soon go. But it is permissible to transfer or spend capital in various ways which, at first glance, look like spending it. For example, the purchase of real estate is a capital expense and in most cases an investment, and under many trusts capital may so be used. One can think of other uses for capital which are in reality not dissipating it, but altering its position without altering its function.

Coming now to the case in hand, it is usually considered wise and proper to invest capital for elderly persons in annuities. An annuity is a device to guarantee to an individual a fixed income for life. Now a very little figuring with pencil and paper will show that the pay-

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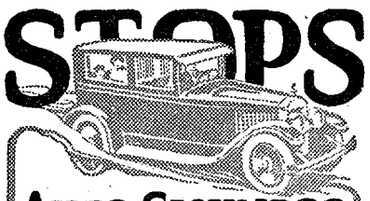
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ments by the annuity company to the individual come, and must come in considerable part, out of capital. The person who is the beneficiary of the annuity calls them his or her "income." In fact, however, an annuity is a scheme which provides for payment from original capital and the income from that capital. As years go by, more and more is taken from capital and the earnings on the gradually depleted capital are less and less. Yet the average annuitant never realizes this.

Annuities specifically disregard the theory that capital is sacred.

Why is it in any way dangerous for an elderly person to arrange his affairs in such a way as to secure some of the benefits of an annuity without giving up control of his entire capital? If this is done conservatively, the depletion of capital will be so slight that income will be affected at the minimum; the withdrawals of capital will be so arranged that enough will last to take care of the owner for his or her entire expectation of life.

It is probably a beneficent myth that capital is "sacred" because the innate spendthrift tendency in all of us tends to lead us along the primrose path of using all the money on which we can lay our hands for current expenses. But this is no reason that we should deprive ourselves of the wise employment of capital for purposes that are ordinarily achieved by the use of income. Capital is nothing but conserved earnings which, to be sure, has taken on somewhat of a new character because it has been conserved.

In the last analysis, capital is to serve, not to be served, and the final measure should be the degree of service to which it can be put. W. L. S.

To Inquiring Readers

As to American Woolen Preferred—

"Replying to your inquiry, your problem is difficult. I am handicapped in answering it because I do not know what proportion your American Woolen preferred bears to your total holdings. Twenty-two shares have a par value of $2,200. The loss at present prices, if sold, is large. Against this is the fact that the American Woolen Company is an enormous corporation and it is unlikely that, in the course of time, the preferred will not 'come back.' If the immediate loss of income is important to you, by all means sell and get into something that will pay an income. If you can afford to wait and to take some chance by waiting, I would advise you to wait.

"If you sell and convert your proceeds into a bond, it will be safe and you will have conserved half of your original principal. If you convert them into a good common stock—and for this purpose I would consider International Paper such a one—there is a very good prospect that you will have your principal built up after a while.

"No one can decide what to do but yourself. I have attempted to analyze the situation to help you. If I have overlooked anything, please feel free to call on me again."

The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York—

"The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York is a very strong company. Their Life Annuity Plan, with whose general outlines we are familiar is an excellent plan.

"What you get from an annuity is a combination of returned principal and income on principal.

"I should think that an annuity would be very desirable for one in your circumstances."

Our Children and the Politicans

(*Continued from page 120*)

intendents who, by the simplest process of appraisal, correction, and follow-up, were delivering better taught children than the average and doing it better every year. The parents in these cities lost their school managers with no reason given by boards as concerned with the value of the service. Winship, the most experienced authority on American schools has made the astounding assertion that more superintendents who improve the teaching are dismissed than are superintendents who let it go to seed.

The situation of the Chicago school superintendence is not surprisingly exceptional. Every school system has had similar attacks. It can happen to any place. Meantime, in normal schools, in university departments of education, in State and National associations, a real technic of management is developing, sending out young superintendents who know how to get children taught. The management of all sorts of productive organizations is being perfected. After a while the people who are footing the bills—parents and citizens—will organize and say, "Here you, this isn't a matter of party politics. Never mind that. How good is the teaching? That's what we're paying for."

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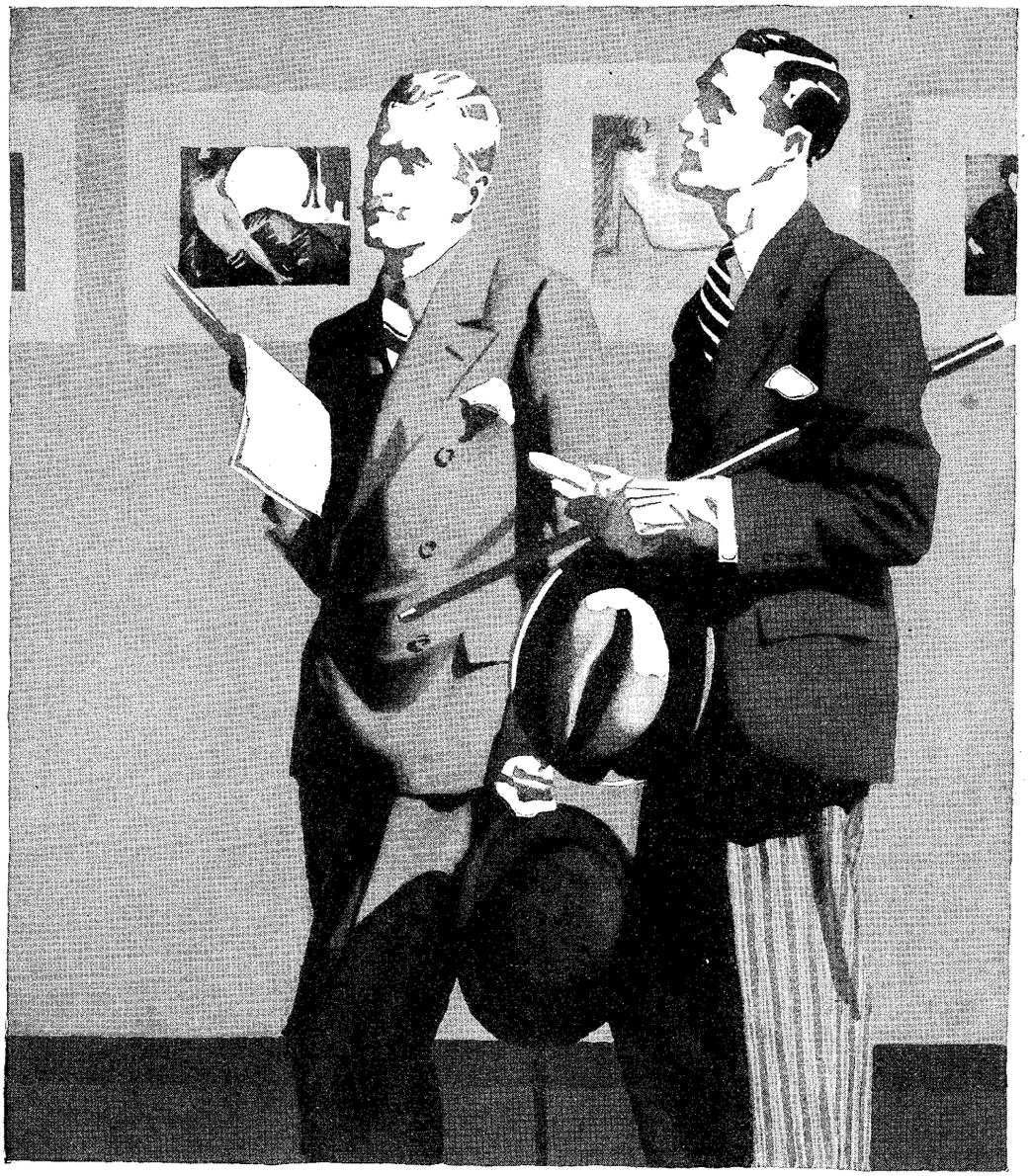

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By the Way

EXPLICIT advertising, according to the "Fourth Estate," would be: "Wanted —a stenographer who can take dictation."

From the Boston "Globe:"

A white-haired, morbid young man was raving about the emptiness of life.

"The sooner the world ends the better," he said. "We all ought to be annihilated."

"My dear fellow," his friend replied, "the world's packed with interesting things. They've just discovered that human life began on this earth about a million years ago—and you talk of wiping us all out."

"A million years ago?"

"The papers are full of it."

"Oh, well," said the morbid man, miserably, "it's too late to do anything about it, then."

According to "Variety," the author of the famous Lucky Strike advertisements, Mr. Edgar Allen Wolff, is a confirmed smoker of Melachrinos.

From "Life:"

Teacher: "What is the 'Order of the Bath'?"

Kid: "Pa first, then ma, then us kids, and then the hired girl."

"When Day Is Done," a new song hit which Paul Whiteman brought over from Germany, turns out to be note for note the same as an old colored mammy's lullaby of twenty years ago, "Keep in Your Own Back Yard."

Advertisement in the Albany "Knickerbocker Press:"

"$800 buys 15 acres, horse, young cow just fresh, heifer, 75 chickens, acre garden and potatoes, bearing orchard, farm and garden tools, 5-room house all furnished, barn and henhouses, wife in hospital, $800 takes all."

From the Louisville "Courier-Journal:"

The respondent was being examined in lunacy proceedings.

"Who was our first President?" asked his counsel.

"Washington."

"Correct. Who was our second President?"

"John Adams."

"Correct."

Then there was a pause.

"He's doing well," whispered a friend of the lawyer. "Why don't you keep on?"

"I ain't sure who was the third President myself."

The policeman entered the street-front restaurant and with great dignity announced to the man at the table next to ours: "Your car awaits without."

"Without what?" retorted the rather loud-mouthed gentleman.

"Without lights," said the cop. "Here's your ticket."

"When it comes t' cheap labor," says Abe Martin, "it's purty hard t' improve on a good, willing wife."

Hustlers always seem to be working for some fat fellow who sits all day with his feet on the desk smoking cigars.

Professor in psychology: "What do you associate with the word 'mutton'?"

Pupil: "Jeff."

"After all, it's nothing but a movie background," writes an Eastern tourist in "Life" after viewing the Grand Canyon.

A news item in a California paper reads: "After the ceremony, Smith declared, he visited his father-in-law, Daniel Roney's house; whereupon his mother-in-law hit him over the nose, drawing blood, and his father-in-law fired at him twice with a shotgun. The police believe the Roneys objected to the match."

"Looks like rain to-day," said the milkman, as he poured the customary quart of milk.

"It always does," replied the housewife.

A YOUNG lady addressed a literary lion who sat at her left at a banquet given in his honor: "I was reading one of your books recently, and there was one bit I couldn't make out. You said a blush 'crept slowly.'" "What else could I say?" asked the author. "What would happen in these days if a blush did anything but creep? Imagine the dust it would raise if it ran."

Billy Rose, the popular-song writer, was noticed in a New York night club early one morning last week, surrounded by an admiring group of chorus girls writing the lyric for a new song entitled "I'm the Lonesomest Boy in Town."

From "Collier's:"

Voice over wire: "Madam, your husband has been run over by a truck!"

"Good heavens! On the afternoon of my bridge party!"

"Have you heard the joke of the Egyptian guide who showed the Englishman two skulls of Cleopatra, one of her girlhood and one of her old age?"

"No, tell me about it."

A MOTORIST'S prayer: Teach us to drive through life without skidding into other people's business. Preserve our brake linings that we may stop before we go too far. Help us to hear the knocks in our own motors and close our ears to the clashing of other people's gears. Keep alcohol in our radiators and out of our stomachs. Absolve us from the mania of trying to pass the other automobile on a narrow road. Open our eyes to the traffic signs and keep our feet on the brakes.

During a recent conference of several hundred clergymen held in a local hotel a bell-boy caused great consternation by booming out, loudly: "Paging Mr. Elmer Gantry! Mr. Elmer Gantry!"

From the Montreal "Gazette:"

The jury had been out on the case all morning and was still undecided. The vote stood eleven to one for acquittal, but one old codger stubbornly held out for a verdict of guilty.

The sheriff came in at dinner time and inquired what they would have to eat.

"Wa-a-all," said the foreman, disgustedly, "you kin bring us eleven dinners." Then he added, reflectively, "And a bale of hay."

FROM the "New Yorker:"

Fascinated always by the sight of a worm about to turn, we paused the other afternoon to watch a meek little gentleman who was using one of the telephone booths in the Plaza. He stood there a long time, obviously having slipped the operator's mind. Seated at her station in the center of the booths, she was busily engaged in pushing in plugs, pulling them out, reciting numbers, making change for patrons and declaring at intervals, "The liyen is bizeh." Such an example of organized efficiency was she that the meek gentleman palpably lacked determination enough to recall himself to her attention. We had about given up hope that he would take his own part when she caught sight of him over the switchboard.

"Are you waiting for a number?" she demanded.

"Oh, no, ma'am," said the little man, "I just stepped in here to develop a picture."

An auto-renting company in Berkeley, California, has learned that an average of 2.4 cents per mile is saved on gas when its cars are driven over concrete highways as compared with earth roads. It is concluded, therefore, that the hard surfacing of heavily traveled highways is in the interest of public economy.

A FRANKLIN, Indiana, woman who is interested in pageants received, according to the Indianapolis "News," a letter from a stranger who said that she had started to write a pageant and did not have time to continue it. She wished to know whether the Franklin woman could not complete it for her.

By way of explanation the would-be pageant writer said: "I have named my pageant 'Creation.' It opens with a figure entering, moving slowly, very slowly. That is man. A second figure enters, moving slowly, very slowly. That is vegetation. Now, that is as far as I got."

From the Boston "Transcript:"

"Money can take you anywhere,"
Remarked old Dan De Witt;
"Money can take you anywhere,
Save where you can't take it."

From the "Pacific Mutual News:"

It was dusk as she stopped at the filling station.

"I want a quart of red oil," she said to the service man. The man gasped and hesitated. "Give me a quart of red oil," she repeated.

"A q-q-quart of r-r-red oil?" he stuttered.

"Certainly," she said, "my tail light is out!"

Five words of five letters each are needed to complete the following anagram. Each word contains the same letters.

The ships —— bravely o'er the sea,
Each bravely —— the storms' commotions.
The —— lead —— right jovially
And eat fresh —— in huge proportions.

Answer to last week's anagram: "Gnus," "guns," "sung," and "snug."

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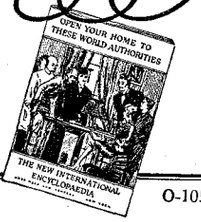

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